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LICENSED,

Aug. 25.  
1669.

*Roger L'Estrange.*

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THE  
UNEXPECTED CHOICE,  
A  
NOVEL.

BY

Monsieur SCARRON.

Rendred into English, with Ad-<sup>K</sup>  
dition and Advantage.

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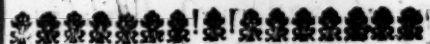
By JOHN DAVIES of Kid-  
welly.

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LONDON,

Printed for John Martyn, at the  
Sign of the Bell without  
Temple-Bar, 1670.





TO THE  
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL  
AND

Most Accomplish'd,  
THOMAS STANLEY Esq;

**I**F we may credit the di-  
ctates of Venerable *A-*  
*strology*, we are to im-  
pute the happy or un-  
happy conduct of our *Lives*,  
to the *benevolence*, or *malig-*  
*nancy*, of those *Aspects*,  
which guide our *Nativities*.  
What Pieces of the most *Co-*  
*mical*,

A 3

## The Epistle

*mical*, and most *Barlesque*  
Monsieur SCARRON  
have come forth in my  
Dress, I fell upon under  
your *Roof*, and they had  
their *Birth*, in *English*, under  
your *Patronage*, and accor-  
dingly prov'd fortunate in  
the World. But since, in  
the production of the  
least *Effect*, there is a gene-  
ral concurrence of all natu-  
ral *Causes*, I am to attribute  
that *success* (besides the  
precedent *Direction*) to the  
just persuasions of the  
more ingenious, who voted  
something of more then or-  
dinary excellency, in what  
they

*Dedicatory.*

they saw Dedicated to so  
precious a name as *STAN-*  
*LEY.*

When the former *NO-*  
*VELS* came first abroad,  
you were acting *Lord Chan-*  
*cellour* among the *Ancient*  
*Philosophers*, assigning the  
several *Sects*, their proper  
*Sentiments* and *Opinions*;  
and, in a *Decree* of *Two large*  
*Volumes*, deciding all the  
*differences* between them.  
But *This* (if I am rightly in-  
form'd) will find you con-  
sulting the *Oracles* of our  
*Municipal Laws*, of which  
*Study*, since you have over-  
come the *severity*, I am

## *The Epistle*

only to wish you the *Sweetness* and *Advantages*.

It were easie for me to apologize for the *smallness* of the *Present* I now make you, by alledging, that *Books*, like *Essences*, derive not their value from *Quantity*, but *Vertues*, and that a little *Pill*, or *Cordial*, prescrib'd by a *HARVEY*, or *SCARBOROUGH*, outvy, in esteem, all the voluminous *Recipe's* of the ordinary Class of *Physicians*. But I would rather let the World know, by this *Address*, that your Kindnesses to me have begot this  
*Fami-*

*Dedicatory.*

*Familiarity*; that they have excited in me a presumption of your *Acceptance*, though I waited on you with the Copy of a meaner *Original*; and that I am, notwithstanding this *Confidence*, with the greatest *submissions* and *respects*,

*Honoured Sir,*

Your most humble, and  
much obliged Servant,

*J. DAVIES.*

A 5

Dear Sir,  
I have your letter of the 14th inst.  
received in due season and am  
glad to hear that you are  
well. I am at present in the  
country and cannot write you  
more fully at present. I am  
very truly,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. D. W. E. S.

N  
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else  
Wo  
per  
tho  
Re  
the  
De





TO ALL  
INGENIOUS  
NOVELISTS.

Gentlemen,

**P**refaces, Advertisements, and whatever else is preliminary to mens Works, seem to be certain Supererogations, whereby Authors would inveigle their Readers into a greater conceit thereof. The Motives to this Devotion I find to be different,

To all Ingenious  
rent, suitably to the diversity  
of mens humours.

Some, out of a generous inclination, unwilling to omit any thing of ceremony or complement, when they court the publick Eye, think it but requisite, by this means, to excite a kind of previous satisfaction, in those whom they would oblige to the perusal of their Labours. Others, through the contagion of Example, have heightened the Civility into an Obligation, and conceit it incumbent on them, to usher in their Discourses, with some  
commen-

## NOVELISTS.

commemorative account thereof, as if they would represent the pleasantness of a Country, by a Landskip of it. Others, again do it, out of compliance with the clamorous desires of the Book-seller, who flatters himself with the hope of good success in his Adventure, upon the elaborateness of what is introductory to his Book.

For my part, what I now do, in this kind, proceeds not strictly from any of these Motives. As for my Productions, they who know me, know also, that I have not been  
guilty

To all Ingenior<sup>s</sup>.

guilty of those profusions in point of advertisement, as might cajole many into a perusal of them, but have left them, without much pre-occupant recommendation, to stand or fall by their own merit: And as to the Venders of them, 'tis only to be wish'd their Civilities had born some proportion to the Advantages they have made thereby.

What then occasions the present Trouble? This; that I thought it convenient to give some account of this so late obstetrication of one Brother, so long after the first, second,

## NOVELISTS.

second, and third Births, in the English Tongue, of seven others, and that within the space of seven years.

Monſieur SCARRON, a perſon the moſt eminent of this laſt Age, for the humour of his writing, hath betray'd therein a certain Drollery, or (if I may ſo expreſs it) Burleſquery of Wit, tranſcending all others who offer'd at any thing in that kind; and what made him the more remarkable, was, that he did it, amidſt the perpetual torments of Chronical Diſeaſes. Among others, he  
fell

To all Ingenious  
fell upon the subject of NO-  
VELS, wherein he prov'd  
so fortunate, that had he writ-  
ten Centuries of them, diver-  
sive Inclinations would ne-  
ver have complain'd of a  
glut. Of this there cannot  
be a greater demonstration,  
then the kind entertainment  
they have met with in our  
Language.

- The first Three which  
came to my hands, and, by  
that means, into English, were  
communicated to me by a La-  
dy, who dy'd, young, the  
Lustre of her Age and Sex,  
Mrs. Catharine Philips,  
pub-

## NOVELISTS.

*publish'd under the Titles of*  
**THE FRUITLESSE  
PRECAUTION, The  
HYPOCRITES, The  
INNOCENT ADUL-  
TERY.**

*Afterwards, lighting on*  
**MONSIEUR SCARRON'S  
COMICAL RO-  
MANCE** (*since ingeni-  
ously Englished by another  
Hand*) I added the four o-  
thers I found there; to wit,  
**THE INVISIBLE MI-  
STRESSE, The TRA-  
PANNER TRA-  
PANN'D, The JUDG**  
*in his own CAUSE, and,*  
**The**

To all Ingenious

The CHASTISEMENT  
of AVARICE: which,  
put to the other Three, make  
up the Seven Elder Brothers,  
mentioned before. How this  
last, on which I have be-  
stow'd the Title of The UN-  
EXPECTED CHOICE,  
came to ly dormant so long,  
I cannot tell; and only think  
it imputable to their precipi-  
tancy, who printing his  
Works, since his death, and  
not having it by them, put  
out what Collections they  
could hastily make, to get the  
start of others, whom they  
suspected to be engag'd upon  
the same design. So that  
this



## NOVELISTS.

This last appeared not in any collected Edition of his Works, till that printed in the Year 1668. wherein I find it added to the three former, and so making up one Volume of the six, into which all his Works are now divided.

Meeting with it thus, and thereupon reflecting how kindly the others had been received here (so as in few years to come to a third Impression, now sold by Thomas Bassett, at the George in Fleet-street) I could do no less then supply the place of  
a

To all Ingenious  
a transplanting Father to  
this, as I had done to the rest,  
and to send him abroad, like  
another Joseph, to see how  
his Brethren did, yet without  
any presumption of his at-  
taining such Grandeur, as  
that his Elders should bow  
to him, and acknowledge his  
Supremacy.

And observing withal, that  
there was not any thing more,  
of that kind, to be had of  
Monsieur Scarron's (at least  
according to that Collection of  
his Works) I have ventur'd  
to give it what Additions I  
could. Whence it comes, that  
in

## NOVELISTS.

in the Title, I affirm it to be English'd with much Addition and Advantage ; which if any shall think much to credit, that is, are Sceptical as to my Sincerity ; let them pursue their own satisfaction by consulting the Original.

And thus have I acquitted my self, as to what I had to say of this late publication of the present Novel. But another complaint I have to make against the Posthumous Editions of Monsieur Scarron's Works, is, that I find not in any of them a perfect Catalogue

To all Ingenious  
logue of the Pieces written  
by him; of which defect, I  
may have occasion to say more  
elsewhere.

And lastly, whereas it is  
not unusual in Prefaces, to  
make some promise of what  
else may be retriev'd, of Au-  
thours, whose precedent La-  
bours have been well re-  
ceiv'd; I am here to acquaint  
the Ingenious Novelists, and  
other Lovers of the Producti-  
ons of Monsieur Scarron,  
that there is yet something of  
his upon the Stocks, which  
will be ready to be launch'd  
out in the English Language  
some

# NOVELISTS.

*some time the next Term,  
without any Proviso, upon  
the kind or unkind reception  
of this.*

J. D.

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THE  
UNEXPECTED CHOICE,  
AND  
Novel.

By Monsieur Scarron.

**T**Hough it be the first requisite in the writing of a story, to begin with the circumstance of Time, yet must I (who am a man of an humour by myself, and have always pretended to greater sincerity than any that ever employ'd themselves in writing Novels) acknowledge my self at a loss, as to this particular, & can only say, that what I am going to relate happen'd  
B during

2      *The Unexpected Choice.*

during the time that *Naples* was govern'd by Kings. Under one of those named (if my instructions deceive me not) *Alphonse* there lived one *Leonard de Severin*, Prince of *Tarentum*, one of the chiefest *Grandeess* of the Kingdom, and the most eminent for Military Affairs of his time. To the great regret of all lovers of Heroick Spirits, this excellent person dies in the Summer of his Age, and noble exploits, and leaves the Principality of *Tarentum* to an only Daughter, named *Matilda*, of whom I find one very pleasant remark, whereof I think it my duty to give the Reader a strict account, to wit, that the very day of her Father's death, she had been upon the Theatre of this World, just fifteen years and a half, wanting eleven weeks, and consequently



*The Unexpected Choice.* 3

sequently that from the time that  
her Parents made use of the  
means to get her, we may ac-  
count much about seaventeen  
years. This young Princess was  
born, or begot (it matters not  
much whether) under so bene-  
volent a Constellation, as if a  
society of Astrologers had in-  
vented either the coition or the  
nativity, to her advantage only,  
without any communication of  
its influences to others that  
might possibly come into the  
World at the same time. But  
whether we are so much oblig'd  
to the stars for their influences,  
as those Gentlemen tell us, or  
not, certain it is, that common  
sense gave it out of *Matilda*, that  
she was beautiful as an Angel,  
and that this beauty, lest it  
might dazzle such as beheld it,  
was surrounded by so extraor-  
dinary

4 *The Unexpected Choice.*

dinary a mildness and sweetness of nature, as gave occasion to such as were unacquainted with the strangeness of her manner, genuity, to suspect her being at a great distance from it.

Her Father, having no other and out of hopes of any more Children, had long before his death promised her in marriage to *Prospero*, Prince of *Salerno*. This *Prospero* was a person of insolent and very incompassionate humour: and yet the pattern of mildness and serenity, *Maria*, by reason of her often suffering of him, and bearing with his imperious treatment of her, had brought her self to such a custom of loving and fearing him, that there was never a slave so absolutely dependent on the disposal of a Master, as this young Princess was on the

*The Unexpected Choice.* 5

old *Prospero*; for, in comparison of a person so young as *Atilda*, I may justly so call a man, who trebled her Age, that wanted not much of commemorating a Jubilee.

The Love the bore this super-nuuated Lover might well be called a certain awe and submission, begot by custom, rather than the effect of any inclination; and yet, however it might be called, it was so full of sincerity, as that which he bore her was of self-interest. Not but that he had a kindness and affection for her, and that to as great a degree as possibly he could have, and in that he did more than what any other might have done as well, since she was the most amiable person in the World: but he was of his own nature, one that was in-

4 *The Unexpected Choice.*

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## 6 . *The Unexpected Choice.*

capable of being amorous to any great height, and, in the person, to whom he directed his affections, setting a value on her merit and beauty, distinct from that due to her upon the account of her wealth. According to this Character of him, his addresses should have been very importunate to *Matilda*; and yet he was so fortunate, or rather she so easily satisfy'd, that though he had not for her all the respects and compliances requisite in a person that knows how to love, he nevertheless became absolute Master of her affections, and by accustoming her to his ill humours, brought her to think them the more supportable. He alwayes found fault with whatever she did, and was perpetually persecuting her with those instructions, which

grave

grave persons are apt to give to young people, and which the latter so unkindly entertain. In a word, he must have been more troublesome to her than an ill-natur'd Governess, if she could have found any thing to quarrel at, in a person whom she truly lov'd. This indeed must be acknowledg'd, to his commendation, that when he was in a good humour, he entertain'd her with pleasant stories of the old Court, he play'd on the Guitar before her, and express'd his activity in the footing of a Saraband. His age I gave an account of before, which was, that if he had alienated his Patrimony, he was within two years of his restoration, according to the Jewish Law-giver. There was little to be objected against his person; he was very neat and

8      *The Unexpected Choice.*

modish in his Cloaths, but above all extreamly curious in his Periwigs, a clear argument that he had but little hair of his own, what service soever he may have lost it in. Nor was he negligent in ordering his teeth, for the greater beauty of them, only it might be said that time, which shortens other things, had made them somewhat longer than they were twenty or thirty years before. He also took a great deal of pains to exceed others in the whiteness and delicacy of his hands; and suffered the nail of the little finger of his left hand, to grow to a very great length, which he thought the finest piece of gallantry in the World; for which I cannot imagine what reason he might have, unless it were to distinguish him from all others. Moreover,



over, he was a great Artist in the disposing and intermixture of his Feathers and Ribbands; very punctual in the observance of some devotion at night; went alwayes perfum'd, and his Pockets were never unfurnish'd with somewhat to eat, and Verses to recite; and he forgot not to bring along with him some wretched Copies of his own production. As for new Songs, and whatever were *À la mode*, of that kind he was as well stor'd as any man, and as cheaply; for, of those who had the reputation of being ingenious, he was a great lover of such only as expected nothing from him. He had a little smattering skill upon several instruments; did his exercises passably well, and above all others, that of Dancing. He had done some remarkable

10. *The Unexpected Choice.*

markable actions, whence he might have pretended to some repute of gallantry; but these were counterpoiz'd by a many others, not fit to come into that Class, so that they were, as a man may say, like Cherries hastily gather'd, for one ripe one, two or three that were not. In fine, to make a more perfect Anatomy of the person, I conceive it cannot be done any way so well, as by a certain description, which I had occasion to make of one who thought it his shortest way to reputation, to write somewhat against me, wherein he would needs make my diseases, and the deformities of my body the subject of his Satyre. As to the fame he propos'd to himself, he is the more likely to obtain it; because both his writings and mine contribute

*The Unexpected Choice.* 11

tribute to the accomplishment  
of his desires. And thus much  
of his Character suits with the  
person I am now to describe,  
and so I shall not stick to give  
this latter the same denominati-  
on, as I had done the other,  
which was;

*The Fantastick Gallant.*

HERE lies one known so well by fame,  
That we need not inquire his name,  
Needing no other supercription,  
For his discov'ry, then this description.

He'd been a tow'rdly child and bold,  
And sat a Horse at seven year old;  
But alas! who would ere have thought,  
He should at manhood come to nought!

To singing he a love did bear,  
Though he had neither voice, nor ear;  
And at a dance he would make one,  
Though's dancing-days were well-nigh  
(gone.

Yet

12 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Yet as to this fair Quality,  
Some stick not to affirm, not I;  
That they are not the best to dance  
Who've liv'd at *Naples*, or in *France*.

There was another great disaster,  
Our Gallant was a Poetaster;  
And Verses made, such as they were,  
But still *Minerva* was not there.

He had too, but the Dev'l was in't,  
A Fortnight's mind to be in print;  
Yet was he at perpetual Jars,  
With Printers, and with Book-sellers.

With these he had had treatises many,  
But still without effect in any;  
They still with charge and hazard close,  
Liking Mens works to Gondoloës.

Of these some few, for state or price,  
For Grandees were and Seigneuries,  
Others, for many that desire  
Frequent convenience, at low hire.

To neither he contribute wou'd,  
parted with Coin like drops of blood,  
And so the cautious crew to spight,  
id all transcribe, or all recite.

Another

*The Unexpected Choice.* 13

Another way then came in's pate  
His reputation to dilate;  
Of some new Mode to be th'inventer,  
His wits he stretch'd upon the Tenter.

For colours, Mottos, and devises  
To please fair Ladies of all sizes,  
All came to him, sooner or later,  
As to perpetual Dictator.

Of Fancies, Periwigs, and Feathers,  
He had to suit all sorts of weathers;  
Yet might he justly make't his boast,  
That all was done with little cost.

Another humor mock'd did haunt  
This Fancy-Feather-wigg'd Gallant;  
His Pedigree he would derive  
As far—as any man alive.

From truth, I mean, for had he not  
A Christian been, 'cause so begot  
(However he had leapt the briers) W  
The Heath'nish Gods had bin his Sires.

But Modestly a Vertue is  
Sometimes resides in Palaces;  
So some well known Herrick's condition  
Did satisfy his great ambition.

How.

14 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Howere, he had no mind to war,  
Because men thence return'd with scars  
Broken pates, wounds, & many thumps,  
Disorder'd limbs, and wooden stumps.

Yet would he talk of fights & Gallies  
Pitch'd fields on mountains, or invallies  
Onsets, assaults, storms, and approaches  
As freely as of Balls or Coaches.

Nay such was his discourse, in fine,  
Of Military Discipline,  
That, to a common understander,  
He seem'd to be some *Alexander*,

He further understood the Globe,  
As Surgeon does the use of Probe,  
Knew how the Stars their course did  
As if he'd been their Secretary. (vary)

But what did more concern mankind,  
He was not in those things behind,  
Wherein some men do place a glory,  
Transcending all Romance or Story:

That is, he fasten'd had his claws  
Of study in most Countries Laws;  
Could give account of several Nations  
Their humors, policies, and fashions.

*The Unexpell'd Choice.* 19

Of knowledge nothing escap'd his  
As if he'd been in the deep pit, (wit,  
Where unexhausted Science lies,  
Humane attempts to exercise,

In things also, some time he'd spent,  
Of quite another Element;  
For (since it was not Heav'n's command  
All mischief should be done on Land.)

In Sea-affairs he was well skill'd,  
To Mathematicks kindly-will'd,  
And on the Chard could read a Lecture  
Much better then on Architecture.

To Empires far remote, by line  
In Map, their bounds he could assign,  
And, by the same, account did keep  
Of the vast Regions of the Deep.

Yet little maw he had to roam,  
Nor seen, but once, ten miles from home:  
He would not tread the Seas untrue,  
For all the Treasures of Peru.

Those he so hated, that he swore  
He'd rather break his neck ashore,  
Then hazard drowning in the Main,  
Never to be retriev'd again.

16 *The Unexpected Choice.*

But what e're he might be, yet these  
Were comprehensive Knowledges,  
Such as the Owner might commend  
To some Admirer, and some Friend:

But still there wanted somewhat yet  
These great endowments to compleat  
In all emergencies, *Mens sana*,  
Sincerity, and prudence, *Ana*.

Modest thoughts, of high perfections,  
In all concerns, calm recollections,  
Neatness, without affectation,  
Constancy in inclination.

These Characters denote a mind  
To all transcendent Acts inclin'd,  
Which Art and Nature's joynt consent  
Would raise up to accomplishment.

But what are all these advantages  
in comparison of that  
which out-weighs them all  
One of the most amiable Prin-  
cesses in the World look'd on  
this person as the only object of  
her devoted Love: true it is  
the



he was not full seventeen years of age; but this pitiful Prince of *Salerna* thought that the least of his concerns, and reflected not on the disproportion between them as to that particular. The Princess *Matilda*, being beautiful and wealthy, as she was, would, no doubt, have been ador'd by divers other humble-Servants, and Gallants, if it had not been generally believ'd in *Naples*, that her matching with *Prospero* had been a business fully concluded long before her Father's death. To which may be added, that the quality of this Prince was such as diverted all those, who upon the encouragement of their estates or extraction might have been his Rivals, from making any addresses to her. The greatest part therefore of these  
over-

over-timorous, and over-cautious Lovers were content to make a discovery of their inclinations for her only by their sighs, which we may well think avail'd them little, since that the concerns of this world speeding ever presuppose speaking. Only one person named *Hippolito* made a publick profession of being a Rival of *Prospero's*, and a most respectful Lover of *Matilda*. He was one of the most illustrious houses of *Spain*, descended from that great *Ruis Lopez d'Avalos*, who was Constable of *Castelle*, and in whom Fortune made the greatest demonstrations she could of her inconstancy; in so much that having been the wealthiest and most eminent Grandee of his Country, he was scornfully forced out of it in a

poor and wretched condition, and reduced to the extremity of accepting money of his friends, to make his escape to *Arragon*, where the King took him into his protection, and assign'd him such Revenues in *Naples*, as to maintain him answerably to the rank of the chiefest in the Kingdom. This *Hippolito* was one of the most accomplish'd persons of his time; and the reputation of valour which he had acquir'd in several parts of *Europe*, meeting in conjunction with that of having a clear and gallant Soul, made him remarkable above all others. He was then fallen in love with *Matilda*; conceiv'd little hope of his being belov'd by her, while she had any kindness for *Prospero*, and yet could not forbear loving her. He was liberal even to prodigality, whereas

whereas his Rival was thrifty, even to avarice. He slighted not the least occasions of making discoveries of his magnificence towards *Matilda*, yet without the least advantage to himself, in regard her imperious Servant *Prospero* kept her from approving ought of those gallantries, which any other besides himself might have performed upon her account. But a violent Love defies all difficulties and disdains, and will act consonantly to its own inspirations, whatever the success may prove. He therefore often ran at the Ring before his Mistress's Window; entertain'd her with Serenades, appointed Turnaments, and Tiltings; in fine, he omitted no divertisements, whereby he might force that insensible Beauty to some  
acknow-

acknowledgment of the Love he bore her. The devises, and colours of *Matilda*, were known and observ'd in his Liveries; and the Verses he made for her, and the Aires and Songs he got compos'd and sung in praise of her, made her the general discourse of all in *Italy*, who were any way concern'd in the affairs of Love. And yet she was no more mov'd at all this, then if she had never heard any thing of it; and it happen'd many times, that by the express order of her Prince of *Salerna*, she must take some trivial occasion to get out of *Naples*, just on the very day, when the amorous *Hippolito* intended to divert her with a Ball, Tilting, or some such gallantry. Nay upon all occasions she disoblig'd him with so apparent an affectation, and  
behav'd

22 *The Unexpected Choice.*

behav'd her self towards him with a rigour so inconsistent with the disposition of so intelligent a person as she was, gave all a just ground to charge her with cruelty, and to murmur against her.

But *Hippolito* was nothing discourag'd at all these obstacles; and his Love was rather enflamed to a higher pitch, than any way remitted by those visible disdain of *Matilda*. Nay what was yet of greater consideration; he express'd towards *Prospero*, the respects he ought him not, even though he had not been his Rival, and, to shew his submissions to *Matilda*, had for him those deferences, which are commonly observ'd by such as converse with persons of quality transcending their own, though only Fortune (not al-

ways

him (ayes the Patroness of Merit) made the difference between him and the Prince of *Salerna*. In a word, he respected his Mistress in his Rival, and, by an inexpressible violence in the business of Amours, forbore all aversion towards him, because he was belov'd by *Matilda*.

It was quite otherwise with *Prospero*; he had a perpetual Pique against *Hippolito*, talk'd of him with all the disadvantage he could, nay would have given him an ill report, could he have been perswaded any would have believ'd it. But *Hippolito* was the darling and delight of *Naples*, and his reputation was there so well settled, that all his endeavours to blast it would have prov'd fruitless, even though the other had discontinu'd the doing of those noble actions,

ons, whereby it had been rais'd.

Thus was *Prospero* the happiest man living in his Loves, and at a small charge, assur'd of the Favours of *Matilda*; and the fair Princess saw him not often enough, though he visited her every day, when, by a sudden Apostacy of Fortune, she was reduc'd from the height of prosperity, to the extreamest point of misery. She had a Cousin German by the Father's side, a Person, whose worth had been the more remarkable, had it not been obscur'd by his ambition and his avarice. He had had his education with the King, was much about his age, and had so far insinuated himself into his affection, that he was in a manner the director of all his diversions, and the Alembick through



*The Unexpected Choice.* 25

through which all his favours  
to others were distill'd. This  
*Rogero de S. Severin* (so was he  
called) bethought himself, that  
the Principality of *Tarentum* be-  
long'd of right to him, and that  
Daughter could not inherit,  
to the prejudice of an Heir-  
male, of the same name and fa-  
mily. He acquainted the King  
with his pretensions, who per-  
mitted him to make all the ad-  
vantages he could thereof, and  
promised to countenance and  
assist him with his authority.  
The business was kept secret a  
while, till such time as *Rogero*  
had possessed himself of *Taren-*  
*um*, and put a strong garrison  
into it; all which was done be-  
fore *Matilda* had the least di-  
trust of any such design.

The poor Princess, surpriz'd  
with this treacherous turn of  
fortune,

26 *The Unexpected Choice.*

fortune, and never having had any cross accident before, was as it were thunder-struck at the news of it. She was forsaken by all, save only her sincere Lover *Hippolito*, who appear'd on her behalf, in opposition to the attempts of a Royal Favorite. On the contrary, *Prospero* who was oblig'd to her above all others, did less for her than any; whereas *Hippolito* did not only what he should have done but much more. He went and proffer'd her the utmost of his services, which yet she durst not accept of, fearing she might thereby displease her Prince *Salerna*, who visited her not as he was wont to do, while the Principality of *Tarentum* was thought to be indisputably his right.

In the mean time, *Hippolito*

fell into discourse, upon all occasions, concerning the injustice they did *Matilda*, and the groundless pretence of *Rogero*; who hearing of it, threatned him with a Guard, in case he forbore not that freedom of talking. But he being a person generally belov'd, not only in *Naples*, but divers other places, where he was known, had rais'd up a party strong enough to put the Favourite into some doubt of the success of his lewd designs. He made several attempts upon *Tarentum*, but all prov'd fruitless, by reason of the good order which *Rogero* had taken for the security of the place. At length, animosities growing higher and higher on all sides, and several Princes of *Italy* concerning themselves in the quarrel, the Pope was forc'd to interpose

his authority therein; by whose persuasions all further Acts of hostility were prevented, and the King of Naples was prevailed with, to appoint Judges, of known integrity, to decide the difference betwixt his Favourite and *Matilda*.

It may be easily imagined what extraordinary expence *Hippolito* was at in the meantime, being the head of so considerable a party, and of the humour he was of; and it will not also be a hard matter to grant that *Matilda*, though a great Princess, was soon reduc'd to very great extremities. The Favourite had got all her Estates into his possession. He had persuaded the King that she held correspondence with his enemies. Of all her former Revenues, she could not command

ny thing, and none would become Creditors to a person, whom a Favourite was resolv'd to ruine. *Prospero* had made an absolute breach with her, not affording her so much as the favour of a visit, nor expressing the least compassion for her misfortune; yet was her affection still so great towards him, that she was not so much sensible of his ingratitude, as his forgetfulness of her. *Hippolito* would not himself make her any proffer of money, as being fully satisfy'd, that she would have refus'd it. He bethought himself of a more generous course. He got one of his friends to present her with it, with instructions that he should not so much as mention the name of *Hippolito*, and engage the Princess upon her honour, never to speak of it,

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30 *The Unexpected Choice.*

it, that the pleasure he did her might not procure him the hatred of the Favourite.

In the meantime all preparations were made for the decision of the difference; the Judges met, and the cause was carryed for *Matilda*. The King was displeas'd with the Sentence; *Rogero* was enrag'd; the Court was astonish'd at it; all were glad or sorry, according to their different inclinations and concerns; but the generality admir'd and commended the integrity of the Judges.

*Matilda* being over-joy'd that she had got the better in a suit of so great importance, sent a Gentleman express, with all the expedition she could, to give *Prospero* an account of the happy success of her affairs. *Prospero* was very much pleas'd to hear

it, and to assure the Messenger of his gladness, he embrac'd him, and entertain'd him with much kindness, and liberally promis'd him his services, if ever any occasion should require them. *Hippolito*, who had no notice of it till after his Rival, presented the person, who brought him the news, with a Diamond of very great value. He prepar'd a noble treat for all of the Court, that would participate of it: he caus'd a spacious place to be rail'd in, before his Mistress's Windows, and for eight days together oppos'd all persons that came against him, at the exercise of running at the Ring. A divertisement and gallantry of that transcendence is not ordinarily perform'd without much noise of it. Many Princes of *Italy*, most

32 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Relations and Friends to *Matilda*, were concern'd in it, and were remarkable for what they did; and the King himself, who was a great Lover of that kind of exercise, honour'd it with his presence. The Favourite had such an ascendent over his Master, that he might have prevented his being there; but he, out of some mysterious policy, had made a seeming reconciliation with *Matilda*, as it were out of a design to have all the World satisfy'd, that if he had not really been perswaded he had a right to the Principality of *Tarentum*, he would not have attempted the possession of it. The King took it kindly at his hands, that he had so readily submitted to the decision of the Judges; and to reward his compliance, and recompence

the



the loss of his pretensions to *Tarentum*, bestow'd on him one of the most considerable Governments in the Kingdom, additionally to those he had before.

Mean time, *Hippolito* out-did all that appear'd at the exercise of tilting. Among others, *Prospero* would needs be his Antagonist. He came in over shadow'd with Feathers beyond all that ever us'd that ornament to vanity; but at the first carriage he got, instead of the honour he had propos'd to himself, a cruel fall, either through his own fault, or that of his Horse, and hurt himself very sore, or at least pretended it. He was carried into *Matilda's* House, who out of indignation immediately left the Balcony, and bestow'd many ill wishes on the amorous *Hippolito*. He came to hear of

it, and was so extremely troubled thereat, that he broke up the meeting, and went his way like a Desperado, to a fair house he had, about a League distant from Naples.

*Prospero* in the mean exasperated at his fall, treated *Matilda* after a strange manner, so far as to tell her in plain terms, that she had been the occasion of his disgrace, and to reproach her with being in love with *Hippolito*. The innocent *Matilda*, always sweet-natur'd, always humble and always implicitly in love with her own Tyrant, begg'd his pardon, made all the excuses she could, and in a word was as simple, as he was brutish.

*Hippolito* had a Sister, who had been brought up at the Court of *Spain*, where the Queen was pleas'd to have

more

more than ordinary kindness for her, and was not long before return'd to *Naples*, upon some account or other, whereof I could never meet with any, and yet it might have been of great concern to the carrying on of this story. Besides her advantage as to beauty, which was very great, she was a person of extraordinary merit, such as might well render her worthy the vows of the chiefest in the Kingdom. At her return out of *Spain*, she found her Brother's affairs in so bad a posture, that when he had appointed the running at the Ring, she would not by any means appear at Court, where she could not have an attendance suitable to a person of her condition, and she had confin'd her self to that fair house, which was all her Brother

36 *The Unexpected Choice.*

ther had unfold. She saw that  
Divertisement; but, *incog-  
nito*, and having observ'd  
her Brother breaking up the  
meeting so abruptly, and de-  
parting from *Naples*, she fol-  
low'd him, and found him in  
the most deplorable condition  
of any man living. He had  
broken his Lances to pieces,  
torn his feathers, and his hair,  
nay wreak'd his indignation on  
his cloaths and his face; in fine,  
he was fallen into such a dis-  
traction, as she could have con-  
ceiv'd but little hopes of his re-  
covery, had she not known, that  
a look of *Matilda's*, though still  
indifferent, nay even cruel,  
would make him forget a thou-  
sand ill treatments. She there-  
fore made it her only care to  
comfort him, gave way to his  
passion instead of opposing it,  
rail'd

fail'd at *Matilda*, while he gave her ill language, and spake again as advantageously as she could of her; when, after all his transports, she found him more humorous than ever he had been.

The humorous *Prospero* was far from having the same compliance for *Matilda*; the fall off his horse stuck in his stomach still, and he was perpetually charging her with it, as though she had been the principal occasion of it. It happen'd one day, that, after she had been to give her Judges thanks for their favourable decree on her behalf, she went to do the like to the King, though he had been against her; but, in Courts, for any one to speak sincerely and according to his Sentiments, argues weakness of judgment, and want

38 *The Unexpected Choice*

want of Prudence, and to receive denials otherwise than with thankful acknowledgements, a certain indigence of common civility. It happened then, one day, that being in an Outer-room at Court, adjoining to the Presence-Chamber, she sees *Prospero* coming in. He had visited her indeed after his fall, but never left her without a reproachful Lecture, for having suffered *Hippolito* to run at the Ring before her door. Nay he stuck not to tell her plainly, that if she had not resolutely settled her affections on his Rival, she would not have had so great a compliance for him.

But nothing could be more injurious, nothing more insupportable than the impertinent complaints and expostulations

of *Prospero*. It was not in *Martilda's* power to prevent a publick exercise of that kind, though it had not been done upon her account, since her Palace took up one whole side of a spacious Quadrangle, and if she could have done it, she ought not to have done so, without hazard of being defective in point of Civility or Gratitude. Only *Prospero's* erroneous reflections satisfy'd him, that she had done amiss, and that she had injur'd him in a high degree, and he was so incens'd against her, that he had forbore visiting her, as if all correspondence between them were quite broken off. The poor Princess was extremely troubled at it, and she no sooner perceiv'd him coming, but she went and stood just in his way. He would have thun'd her,

40 *The Unexpected Choice.*

her, and with a scornful look,  
pass'd by. She took him by the  
Arm, and looking on him with  
an Eye able to charm any but  
that humorous Master, she ask'd  
him what occasion she had gi-  
ven him to shun her. 'What  
'occasion have you not given,  
'replies the Prince very angrily,  
'and what hope you ever to re-  
'cover the reputation you have  
'lost, in countenancing the  
'Courtship and Gallantries of  
'Hippolito? It is not in my  
'power to hinder his affection  
'towards me, nor yet to prevent  
'the discoveries he makes of it,  
'replies Matilda; all I have to  
'say for my self, is, that he hath  
'little encouragement to do ei-  
'ther from my approbation  
'thereof; and methinks I could  
'not give him a greater as-  
'surance of my displeasure, than  
'that



*The Unexpected Choice.* 41

that of quitting the Balcony  
soon after he had begun the  
sports before my Window.  
You should have forbore com-  
ing into it at all, *says Prospero*;  
but give over dissimulation,  
and acknowledge, that the  
true reason of your departure  
thence, was, that you observ'd,  
in the looks of all that were  
present, how much they won-  
dered at your appearance there.

The love of *Hippolito* had al-  
ready dispossest'd you of your  
judgment, and his empty gal-  
lantries had soon out-weigh'd,  
in it, all the services it was in  
my power to have done you;

*Matilda* could not forbear  
tears at this harsh reproof;  
yet would have return'd him  
some answer; but he gave her  
not the time to do it, besides  
that the indignation she per-  
ceiv'd

42 *The Unexpected Choice.*

ceiv'd spreading over his countenance,  
 quite startled her out of all resolution. 'When  
 'was doubtful whether you  
 'were Princess of Tarentum  
 'said he to her, and the King was  
 'ready to order the securing of  
 'your person, I was desirous to  
 'see what might be the fruits of  
 'your infidelity and imprudence,  
 'and whether adversity would  
 'occasion your being guilty of a  
 'great miscarriage. I forbore making  
 'any public discoveries of my  
 'solicitations on your behalf, as your  
 'Galant did, nay I pretended myself  
 'clearly unconcern'd in what had  
 'happen'd to you. In the mean  
 'time *Hippolito* made much  
 'noise, and serv'd you but little,  
 'and your affairs were a long  
 'time in a desperate condition.  
 'You did what you could,

could, to reassure your self of my affection, but still left undone the main thing you should have minded, since your kindness was still the same towards *Hippolito*. You had your designs in all, and imagin'd you carried them on with much secrecy and subtilty. You be-  
thought your self of all the ways you could to drain that undeserving Gallant, out of a fond perswasion, that when it would be for your convenience to disburthen your self of him as a superfluous and useless person, I should think it an excess of happiness, to supply his place; and you made a false account that if upon the tryal of your cause you should have lost *Tarentum*, the charms of your Beauty would at any time assur'd you of being Princess.

44 *The Unexpected Choice.*

'cess of *Salerna*. But as soon as  
 'a favourable Decree had made  
 'a revival of your hopes, the  
 'scene of your affection was  
 'chang'd, and your maxims of  
 'Policy gave way to those of  
 'your Love. You imagin'd to  
 'your self, that a young Gen-  
 'tleman, who had ruin'd him-  
 'self by the extravagant disco-  
 'veries of his inclinations to  
 'you, was fitter for your turn  
 'then I might have been; that  
 'marrying a Prince of *Salerna*,  
 'you would come under the  
 'tution of a Master authorized  
 'by Custom and the Laws, and  
 'that your dear *Hippolito* would  
 'have been as much your hum-  
 'ble Servant and Slave after  
 'marriage as he seem'd to be  
 'before. Ah unfortunate and  
 'imprudent Princess! durst your  
 'besotted *Hippolito* make such  
 'open

open professions of love to a  
Lady of your fortunes, had  
he not given him some extra-  
ordinary encouragement to  
do it? and is it possible, that,  
upon a weak presumption of  
meeting with some return to  
his Love, he would have been  
at those vast expences which  
have ruin'd him, and guilty of  
so remarkable an extrava-  
gance, as, by one single present,  
to enrich the person whom  
you sent to acquaint him with  
the good success of your  
cause? And after all these un-  
deniable discoveries of your  
infidelity and indiscretion, can  
you be so vain as to imagine  
I should still bear you the af-  
fection I sometime did? Fare-  
well, and, if you can, be fortu-  
nate with your *Hippolito*, and  
be not so fond as to imagine,

I

46 *The Unexpected Choice.*

' I shall ever be unfortunate with  
' *Matilda.*

With these words, he would  
have left her; but the Prince  
stop'd him again; nay, what  
she had never done before, pre-  
sum'd to contradict him. ' Un-  
' grateful Prince, said she  
' to him, it is impossible for me  
' to give a greater assurance that  
' I still love thee, than by telling  
' thee, that, after this most un-  
' manly and disobliging dis-  
' course, I have not yet an aver-  
' sion for thee. What thou hast  
' said is more against thy self  
' than against me, and I cannot  
' make no better use of it to thy  
' confusion and my advantage  
' than by acknowledging to  
' thee, that all is true. ' The  
' true *Hippolito* hath express'd  
' great affection for me, *Hippolito*  
' hath not been frighten'd  
from

from rendering me all the services he could, and, to do that, defy'd the malice of a Favourite and the displeasure of a King; He honours me with all imaginable respect, and he does what he can to please me. He was desirous to protect me, when I was forsaken by all; and it is not to be deny'd, that he has ruin'd himself upon my account. Do thou instance in any one thing thou hast done that may come into the Balance with any of these: Thou wilt tell me that thou lov'st me. But canst thou have any affection for me, who art wanting even in point of civility towards me; civility, I say, which I conceive due to my Sex, though thou ought'st not any to my quality? And yet what ill-natur'd, or ill-humour'd

48 *The Unexpected Choice.*

‘mour’d Master ever treated  
‘Slave more unworthily than  
‘thou hast always treated me  
‘And who would have suffer’d  
‘it, but a person besotted with  
‘an excessive love towards thee  
‘as I am? No, no, Prince, thou  
‘art far from having occasion to  
‘complain, and thou should’st  
‘take it the more kindly from  
‘me, that I do not. Nay, I do  
‘much more, I acknowledge, than  
‘thou wilt have me to do it, such  
‘crimes as I was never guilty  
‘of; I will never see Hippolitus  
‘more, and I will be ungrateful  
‘to him, to recover thee out of  
‘thy ingratitude towards me.  
‘In a word, that I may once  
‘more gain thy heart, I shall  
‘think nothing impossible for  
‘me to do. There is nothing  
‘impossible for your fair Eyes  
‘to do, *replies the Prince, setting*



his Periwig right; they have dispell'd all my anger, and provided I ever hence forward have their favourable looks, the over-fortunate *Prospero* will never love any but the fair *Matilda*.

The amorous Princess was satisfy'd with this short complement from her grave Lover. Had they been in a place less publick, possibly she would have cast her self at his feet, to give him thanks that he had pardon'd her; but neither time nor place permitted her to make any further answer. The King was coming out of his Chamber; she intreated *Prospero* not to be far from her, while she spoke to the King; but he told her, as he was leaving her, that it was not fit they should be seen together, for some reasons he  
D could

50 *The Unexpected Choice.*

could not then acquaint her withal. She could not hinder his departure, and read in his looks, that it proceeded from a fearful distrust of his own Courtship: but she was got so near the King, that she had not the time to reproach *Prospero* with his being rather a subtle Courtier, then a sincere Lover. She presented her self to the King, rendred her respects to him, and gave him thanks. The King receiv'd her very coldly, and the answer he made her was so equivocal, that it might have been interpreted as much to her disadvantage, as to her favour: but the endearing expressions which she had so lately receiv'd from *Prospero*, had given her so great a satisfaction, that the last ingratitude he had express'd towards her, in refusing her his

atten-

*The Unexpected Choice.* 51

attendance to wait on the King, made no impression in her mind, no more then the slight reception she had from the King; so much was she over-joy'd, that she had regain'd the favour of her imperious Lover.

The very same day, she was visited by all the Ladies of quality about *Naples*; at which meeting there was an appointment made, that they should all go a-hunting the next day on Horse-back, in Country-habits, and narrow-brim'd Hats, with Plumes of Feathers in them. All the Amorous part of the Court came to see, and contribute to the divertisement, and so it is not to be question'd but the Prince of *Salerna*, the quintessence of all Courtship and Gallantry, was there among the rest. Nay he was at this time

52 *The Unexpected Choice.*

guilty of a strange profusion of kindness towards his Mistress, that is, he would needs make her a Present, which was more than ever he had done before. He writ her a Letter sweetned with all the candid expressions he could imagine, and, with it, sent her one of those fine Hats; but to give the World a strict account of things as they pass'd, he had himself taken the pains to order the Feathers, among which there was not so much as one new one. If my memory fail me not, I have already told you, that, in matter of Plumage, he was the most remarkable person about the Court: This was the only extravagance wherein he was expensive, yet was that charge manag'd with all the thrift imaginable. He had the knack of diversifying his Plumes,  
transf

transplanting, and transposing them so dextrously, that though the several parts were all old, yet he made them appear as if they were new, with as much art as the most expert Master of the Profession could have done it. I am apt to believe, that for the accomplishment of the Present, he spent a good part of the night in ordering it. The Princess receiv'd it, as if it had been sent her from Heaven, return'd him more thanks and complements for it, then all the Feathers in the World were worth, and promis'd him in the Letter she return'd in answer to his, that she would look upon that miraculous Hat, as her chiefest ornament as long as she was able to wear it. I am extremely troubled, and doubt not but my Reader will be so too, that these

54 *The Unexpected Choice.*

two excellent Letters are lost; by which means, my Novel, and his satisfaction, are somewhat shorter then they might have been. But grief is superfluous where there is no remedy to be had: the bald consumer of human productions hath devour'd other things, which we can only bemoan among the lost; but the only curse I have for his greedy teeth at the present, is for the loss of these two Missives, of which I would have said more, but have it not.

The very reflection on this disappointment, hath put me so much out of humour, that I shall forbear giving you any account of what pass'd at the Hunting; nor indeed could I ever learn the particulars. Yet this may be imagin'd, that some Horses stumbled, and some fell. That

That the Ladies had this comfort, that if they had the misfortune to be thrown, they wanted not assistance to help them up again; That *Prospero* made an insufferable ostentation of his Gallantry above all the rest, and that he out-talk'd all, though he said nothing worthy attention.

The divertisement the Ladies found in this Hunting-match, rais'd in them a desire to recreate themselves some other way the day following. They made an appointment to go by Sea to *Porzuzolo*, where the Princess *Mstilda* was to treat them with a Collation and Musick. They dress'd themselves no less sumptuously for the diversion by water, then they had before for that by Land. The Boats wherein they were to be carried,

D. 4,                      ried,

36 *The Unexpected Choice*

ried, had all the Ornaments they could have; they were hung with Tapistry, whether China or Turkey-work I know not, and there was no sitting but on rich Cushions. *Prospero* would needs go thither by Land, and without any Company, whether out of some discontent or melancholy, is not known; for there are those who never think better of themselves than when their humours clash with those of other people. He was mounted on the best Horse he had; clad in his richest Country-habit, and his head so beset with Feathers, as if some remote Island, where Ostriches are plentiful, had paid him an annual tribute of their Plumage.

*Hippolito's* Country-house was in the way to *Ponzzolo*, and not far from the Sea-side, so that the

Prince



Prince of *Salerna* must needs pass by it. As soon as he came in sight of it, a slight imagination of Hectorship came into his head. He knew that *Hippolito* was at home, and thereupon alighted at the door to speak with him. *Hippolito* entertain'd him with all the civility due to a person of his condition, though he had not been accosted by the other with any. *Prospero* broke forth into a brutish expostulation with him; in that he had the presumption to make such discoveries of his Courtship to a Princess, who, by the disposal of a deceas'd Father and her own inclinations, was design'd to be his Wife. *Hippolito* suffered his reproaches and harsh Language a good while, and answer'd him with all the meekness imaginable upon such an emergency.

58 *The Unexpected Choice.*

and told him, that he had no reason to be so much offended at those declarations of a love without hope. But at length *Prospero's* insolent carriage overcame his Patience, and he was ready to call for a Horse, to give him satisfaction at a little further distance from his own House, when news was brought them, that the Sea was very rough, and that some Boats, full of Ladies, which they perceived from the shore, were in some danger of being cast away. *Hypolito* made no doubt, but *Martilda* and her Company were the Ladies in that distress, and thereupon he intreated *Prospero* to contribute his assistance, for the safety of their Common Mistress. He excus'd himself alledging that he could not swim, and that he had not yet recovered

recover'd himself of the hurt he had receiv'd by his fall at Tilting. The generous *Hippolito* detesting in his Soul the ingratitude of his Rival, made all the speed he could to the water-side. His Servants follow'd him, cast themselves into the water after his example, and with the help of some Fishermen, who fortunately chanc'd to be not far off, *Matilda*, and the Ladies of her Company were sav'd. All the Boats ran a-ground about a hundred Paces from the shore, and being split to pieces, *Naples* would have been full of lamentations for the loss of its choicest Beauties, had it not been for this seasonable relief. *Hippolito* was so fortunate, as that *Matilda* ought him her life. The love he bore her made him soon distinguish her from the many others.

60 *The Unexpected Choice*

other Ladies, whom the Waves  
cast half dead upon the Rocks  
along the Sea-side. While the  
Fishermen and his Servants in-  
differently reliev'd the first they  
met withal, he lays hold on the  
Princess, just as she was coming  
above water, and taking her un-  
der one arm and swimming with  
the other, he happily got her to  
the shore without the assistance  
of any other person.

*Matilda* was much more dis-  
order'd by that unhappy ac-  
cident than any of the other La-  
dies whom they had sav'd as well  
as herself. They all made a shift  
to recover themselves after a  
little casting up of the Salt wa-  
ter, change of Cloaths, and  
fright, and so were well enough  
to take Coach, and return to  
*Naples*. But the Princess of *Ar-  
rentum* continu'd a long time in

the

*The Unexpected Choice.* 61

she came to her self, and gave those that were about her any assurances of life. *Hippolito*, and his Sister *Irene*, took all the care they could of her. He sent immediately to *Naples* for the ablest Physicians, besides him whom the Princess particularly employ'd, and left his whole House to *Adasilda*, and such of her Servants as were come to her, upon the report of that disaster. He accommodated himself and his retinue the best he could at a little Village not far from his own House, whence he sent frequent Messengers to enquire how the Princess did, when he could not do it himself. As for *Prospero*, he, extremely self-satisfy'd with the discovery he had made of his resentments to *Hippolito*, had recommended *Adasilda* and the other Ladies to the  
mercy

62 *The Unexpected Choice.*

mercy of the Waves, without giving his thoughts any trouble concerning them, imagining haply, that, since he was not a person likely to relieve them, it was his best course to deny his Eyes the sight of so unfortunate a spectacle, and to take his way gently back again to *Naples*, and there expect the doubtful event of the wrack, that he might rejoice at, or bewail it, according to their escape or miscarriage who were concern'd therein.

In the mean time, *Matilda*, with the assistance of her youth and the remedies prescrib'd to her, recover'd her health, and, with that, her beauty, and was extremely satisfy'd with the kindness done her by *Hippolito*, and the obliging cares of his Sister *Irene*, who ingeniously acquainted her with the base difference

difference which *Prospero* had express'd for the hazard she had been in. *Attila* made not any discovery of her resentment of it, either in her countenance or discourse; whether it were that her Love had smother'd it, or that she had the power at that time to dissemble.

The night before she intended to leave *Hippolito's* House, in order to her return to *Naples*, her thoughts were so disorder'd, that she could not sleep, whereupon she call'd for a Book and a Candle, to be set by her Bed-side. Her Women were gone out of the Room, to take their repose, or do somewhat else, when she hears the door opening of a sudden, and perceives *Prospero* coming in. It may easily be imagin'd, how much she was surpriz'd to see him at so unseasonable.

64 *The Unexpected Choice*

able an hour, and how highly she conceiv'd her self oblig'd by so disrespectful a visit. Her reproaches to him upon that occasion were not without some bitterness. *Prospero* was little mov'd thereat, but rather growing the more imperious, would needs have the Princess acknowledge, that she had purposely run into the hazard of losing her life, to give *Hippolita* the glory of being her deliverer. He charg'd her with the misfortune of being sooner cast away, as a slur to her reputation, and represented to her, how base and unworthy a thing it was for her, to reside in the House of a person in love with her, to be lodg'd in his own Chamber, and laid in his own Bed.

*Matilda* was somewhat astonish'd at these reproaches, yet thought



thought it below her to make it appear to him how unjust they were, but press'd him with others that were not so easily avoidable, for the backwardness of his assisting her, and with a Satyrical rallery bemoan'd his want of skill in swimming, and his being still indispos'd by reason of his fall. This put his Spirits into a general commotion, so that blushing with anger and confusion, he fell a rayling at her, and told her that she should never see him more, in as much as *Roger* the King's Favourite had proffer'd him his Sister, and with her all the advantages which may be expected from the alliance of a Favourite.

*Matilda* was not able to hold out any longer against so terrible a menace; her thoughts were discompos'd into a trembling

bling astonishment; her indignation gave way to her love, and she who had seem'd so fierce and furious before, was by this sudden storm become submissive and suppliant. On the other side, *Prospero* grew more and more calm, when he saw her sufficiently humbled; and according to his Custom, he began to cajole her, and fell into those kind and amorous insinuations, which he might have us'd; if, in all the debates that had happen'd in their Loves, he had always observ'd the respect and compliance he ought her. He renew'd his protestations of love to her, and out of eagerness to make them over-pressing and perswasive, he made such as were ridiculous and impertinent; so far as to wish her all

man-

manner of misfortunes, that he might have a noble occasion to assure her how much he would concern himself therein. 'Why are you not still in disgrace at Court? *said he to her*, with an amorous tone; Why are you not still persecuted by the malicious Favourite *Rogero*? Why are you not still unjustly dispossest of your Principality of *Tarentum*? You should see how earnest a Solicitor I would be on your behalf; how I would importune the King himself, though by all Artifice exasperated against you, to do you justice; with what rigour I would engage my self in your quarrel against your Enemies, and whether I would be afraid to hazard my life and fortunes, to restore you  
'to

'to what were unjustly detain'd  
 'from you. It is not decreed  
 'I hope, *replies the Princess*,  
 'is there any necessity, I should  
 'become more unfortunate than  
 'I am, that you should have  
 'occasions to give me so great  
 'assurances of your generosity,  
 'nor were it just I should put  
 'your Love to such dangerous  
 'Tryals.

They were thus seriously  
 engag'd in discourse, when some  
 confus'd and dreadful outcries  
 of fire oblig'd them to run to  
 the Windows, whence they pre-  
 sently perceiv'd the lower part  
 of the Lodgings where they  
 were casting up fire and smoke;  
 and ere they had well look'd  
 about them, a thick Cloud of  
 smoke intermixt with Sparks  
 of fire was coming up, along the  
 Stair-Case into the room, which

ut them out of all hopes of escaping that way, which *Prospero* was putting himself into a posture to attempt. The Princess extremely frightened, beg'd of him, that he would not forsake her in so great a danger, and binded him of making some advantage of the Sheets and Hangings, to get out at the Windows. The Prince, as much frightened as she, told her, the danger was too near at hand to think of any such expedient, and having already measur'd with his Eyes the height of the Window, and deliberating how he might best cast himself down into the Court, he plainly told, that, in such an emergency as that was, the only resolution was, get off who could. 'Nay if it be so,' said she to him, thou shalt not escape without me, and if I run  
'any

70 *The Unexpected Choice.*

‘any hazard here, I am re-  
‘solv’d, that the most ungrate-  
‘ful and least generous of men  
‘shall participate of it with  
‘me.

With those words she courageously fasten’d on *Prospero*, and the indignation she had conceiv’d against him for his cowardice, gave her so much strength, that, notwithstanding all his endeavours to clear himself, he could not get from her. He fell a swearing and cursing; then rail’d at her; and at last was so much a brute, as to threaten her with beating or death (which of the two is not certainly known) and no doubt he was a person as likely as any to do it, and in all probability would have done it, if, while he was struggling with her, and that with as much earnestness and

and

*The Unexpected Choice.* 71

animosity, as if he had had to do with a detested Enemy, the generous *Hippolito* had not come reasonably into the room. The Princess seeing him, dis-engag'd herself from *Prospero*, and made towards *Hippolito*, who, not allowing her the time to speak to him, cover'd her with a wet sheet, which he had purposely brought with him, and having taken her in his Arms, rush'd out like a Lyon with his prey, through the flames which fill'd the Stair-Case. He was so fortunate as to bring her to a place, where she was out of all danger, and his generosity was so excessive, that he did the same kindness to his Rival. True it is, that he burnt his Cloaths, and sing'd the hair of his Head and Eye-brows in the service; but what are burnt Cloaths, and sing'd

72 *The Unexpected Choice.*

findg'd Hair, to a person whose heart is inflam'd with Love?

In the mean time, while *Matilda* is recovering her self out of the fright, and while *Prospero* gets away with all the speed he could to *Naples*, without so much as returning thanks to his deliverer, his over-generous deliverer sees his house burnt down to the ground, and with his house all the furniture of it, and his horses; in a word, all that his former profusions had left him Master of. *Matilda* was troubled at it, I will not say more than he, for he was not much, but as if she saw what she accounted of greatest value in the world condemn'd to destruction. She imagin'd her self the occasion which had brought that great misfortune upon him; and she was not mistaken. Her Con-

fin,



sis, the Favourite, who had not made a Reconciliation with her, but out of a pernicious design to ruine her with more ease, had found out some mercenary souls among the menial servants of Hippolito, whom he had hir'd to fill the Cellars of their Master with materials easily combustible, which they set on fire in the night-time, according to the instructions they had receiv'd from Rogero. This cruel Favourite made no conscience of procuring the ruine of a decay'd Cavalier, and his destruction to boot, conditionally there were involv'd in it that of a Kinswoman, whose estate he was to inherit; and as if he thought it not wickedness enough to compass her death, which was unavoidable if his design had taken effect, he bethought himself of

74 *The Unexpected Choice.*

a way to render her, memorable. While *Hippolito's* house was a burning, *Rogero* had managed his treacherous plot with so much subtilty, that, by order from the King, some Officers were sent to *Matilda's* Palace where having broke open her Closet, it was pretended, that there were Letters found, which seem'd written to the Duke of *Anjou*, and to convict her of holding a correspondence with that dangerous Enemy to the State.

The still-unfortunate Princess receiv'd this sad news, just as she was sending to *Naples* for Coaches, in order to her return thither. She was extreamly affected to hear it, yet soon recovering what courage she could in so unexpected a perplexity, she and her train made a shift

get to *Naples* a foot, but in so deplorable a condition, as rais'd pity in all that saw them make their entrance into it. *Hippolito* would have gone along with her, but she laid her absolute commands upon him not to do it, as being, possibly, still in some fear of displeasing *Prospero*. So that the most generous, and most faithful, yet most unfortunate of all Lovers beheld her departure, much more afflicted at this fresh accident which had happen'd to his Mistress, and that he durst not presume to follow her, then at the loss of his House.

*Matilda* was no sooner come to *Naples*, but she was secur'd. She desir'd access to the King; it was deny'd her. She sent a Messenger to desire *Prospero* to come to her; he pretended indisposition, and that he could

76 *The Unexpected Choice.*

not stir abroad: and so she was of a sudden forsaken of all friends, as if she had fallen sick of the Plague. The same day there was an order brought her from the King, that she should depart *Naples*. Her Domesticks basely left her in the height of extremities; her Creditors began to persecute her, forgetting all respect to her quality; and she was reduc'd to so great misery, that she could not procure a Hackney-Coach, nor any other convenience of riding, to get to I know not what Prince of *Italy* who, next to *Rogero*, was the nearest of her Relations, and had always espoused her interests, even against that unjust Favourite and bloody Kingman.

Being thus forsaken by all her friends, destitute of all things

and reduc'd to an impossibility of complying with so rigorous an Order, she took her refuge in a Monastery, into which yet they would not receive her, till they had the King's Permission to do it, and conditionally that she should depart thence that very night. She accordingly departed thence, and that so secretly, that the amorous *Hippolito*, notwithstanding all the Spies he had abroad, to bring him an account of her, could never get the least intelligence of what course she had taken. However, he would needs put himself to the hazard of missing her, rather than that he should be reproach'd with a neglect of seeking her. While he is running after her, or thinks he does so, she little thinks of him, and *Prospero* as little, or less, of her.

78 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Nay, this humorous Prince speaks of her as one guilty of High Treason, is punctual in his attendance about the King and the Favourite, and as different emergencies produce different designs, he seriously falls in Love with *Camilla*, *Rogero's* Sister, and intreats the King to promote his obtaining of her. The King, who thought him a very advantageous match for his Sister, whom, of all his Subjects, he had the greatest affection for, communicates the proposal to the Favourite, who was content in all things to comply with the desires of his Master.

This Sister of *Rogero's* was one of the greatest Beauties about *Naples*, and what relation soever she might have to her Brother in point of Fortune, she was no way concern'd in his lewd designs,

figs. She was look'd on at Court as the most considerable Match in the Kingdom, and she look'd on *Hippolito* as the most accomplish'd Cavalier of his time; and possibly she lov'd him, or at least would have lov'd him, if she had not observ'd his affections passionately devoted to another. *Matilda's* misfortune had rais'd so great a compassion in her, and she was so generous, that if she had thought her Brother's malice had occasion'd it, she would no doubt have reproach'd him with so lewd a procedure, and have been the first that should have detested it. She concern'd herself so much in the loss which *Hippolito* had receiv'd, that, careless of whatever might be said of it, she went to give him a visit at his burnt House, to

80 *The Unexpected Choice.*

present him with a sum of money, and assure him of all it was in her power to do for him. She there met with his Sister *Irene*, who little expected such a visit, and much less the proffers of a kind reception, where she had any thing to command. The fair *Irene* thought her self extremely oblig'd to *Camilla*, for so generous an invitation, and was content to go along with her to *Naples*. What less then a ready compliance to so kind a proposal could be expected from a young Lady of her quality, who was then destitute of a House, and all other requisite accommodations, in a Country, where she was not known to any but her Brother, nay where it may be said she had not him, since that, as soon as he understood that *Matilda* had left *Naples*,



*The Unexpected Choice.* 81

ples, he was gone a wandring after her like a distracted person, not knowing which way she had taken?

It happen'd, the very day that *Camilla* went to *Hippolito's* house, to bring *Irene* thence to her own, the King was pleas'd to make her a visit, but the occasion of it was to recommend the Gallant Prince of *Salerna* to her affections, which he doubted not to gain upon the first assault of all that force of gallantry he always carried about him. *Camilla*, whose thoughts at that time were full of *Hippolito*, entertain'd *Prospero* and the proffers of his services, with as much coldness and indifference, as was consistent with the satisfaction which she conceiv'd at the honour of a visit from her Prince. The disconsolate *Irene*

82 *The Unexpected Choice.*

kept her Company, and though her affliction was but too remarkable, yet did the rayes of her Beauty like lightning, so break through the Cloud of her sadness, as to enflame the young King's affection towards her. His Love was violent even at its Birth. He approach'd her with as much respect and fear, as if he had been of her quality, and she of his: he took occasion to fall into discourse with her upon her Beauty, and that amiable person, without being daunted, or betraying any surprisal at so unexpected a Courtship, made so great discoveries of a perfect combination of Ingenuity, Prudence, and Modesty, that he consider'd her, from that interview, as a good, which only was deficient to the compleating of his fortune.

The

*The Unexpected Choice.* 83

The King made a longer stay with *Camilla* than he thought to have done, and the pleasure he took in entertaining *Irene*, was so much the more observ'd, by all that were present, the more he had seem'd before insensible to love, and behav'd himself with an indifference towards the fairest Ladies about *Naples*. But indeed *Irene* was Mistress of such charms, that it was impossible for Souls the least subject to that tender passion, and least able to judge of her merit, to forbear loving her. *Camilla*, before she was acquainted with her, had a design to serve her upon the account of her Brother; but after she came to be known to her, she lov'd her wholly upon her own. She was easily inclin'd to believe the King was fallen in love with her,

84 *The Unexpected Choice*

her, because she wish'd it so, and she was so far from envying her so great a happiness, as it might have been in some measure excusable in any other amiable person, that she was extremely satisfied therewith. She congratulated *Irene*, upon the noble conquest she had made, and no doubt she might have flatter'd the vanity and hopes of a Virgin more lowly-conceited of her self then she was ; but this discreet person was firm in her perswasion, that what the King had done, was rather out of a frolick of gallantry, then Love; that he had no other design in it, but to find matter for his diversion ; and that haply she was as soon out of his thoughts, as out of his sight. She was very much mistaken : the young King could not keep away long from her ;  
and

and his Love was grown so violent that he resolv'd to see her again the very night after his first falling in love with her. He communicated his design to the Prince of *Salerna*, and told him, that he would go, *incognito*, according to the Spanish Courtship, to renew his addressees to *Irene*, under *Camilla's* Balcony. It may easily be imagin'd, how overjoy'd *Prospero* was at this admittance to the Privacy of his Master's pleasures, and to be made his companion in an amorous adventure. It is probable, the Favourite *Rogero* would have been the person pitch'd upon for this design, or at least should have made one in it: but that he had had leave of the King that very day to go to *Tarentum*, where some important affair requir'd his presence.

Night.

86 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Night came, and the King, accompany'd by *Prospero*, arm'd as he was, according to the Italian way, that is, with more offensive Arms then were requisite for one man, took up his Post under *Camilla's* Balcony, who had been adverti'd of it by *Prospero*. She was too well vers'd in that kind of Courtship, not to afford the King the freedom of entertaining his Mistress with as much privacy as might be. She thereupon withdrew, and went into another Balcony, notwithstanding all the intreaties, which *Irene* made, that she would stay with her. The King made some reproaches upon that occasion, and told that fair Virgin, that she ought at least to have some compliance for a King, who had for her somewhat transcending it. 'I should

*The Unexpected Choice.* 87

'should owe your Majesty all  
'that lies in my power, *reply'd*  
'*Irene*, were it not there is some-  
'thing I owe my self, which I  
'cannot owe any other. What  
'can you owe your self,  
'*replies the King*, beyond what  
'you owe my Love? This,  
'*answer'd she*, that I am not to  
'believe you have any for me.  
'Ah *Irene*, *cries the King*, can  
'you doubt of that? assure your  
'self, there is not any thing more  
'certain, nor ought I am not  
'ready to do, to satisfy your in-  
'credulity. Could I believe  
'your affection proportionable  
'to the assurances you give me  
'of it, *replies she*, I should yet  
'have more reason to be dissa-  
'tisfy'd with your Majesty, then  
'admit what you do for a kind-  
'ness. That were a strange in-  
'justice, *said the King*, for how  
'is

88 *The Unexpected Choice.*

'is it possible, that a sincere  
 'love, such as mine is, should  
 'give any dissatisfaction? It  
 'would be an honour I confess,  
 'to some great Queen, *reply'd*  
 '*Irene*, but may well give peo-  
 'ple just occasion to pass harsh  
 'censures of the prudence of a  
 'person so mean as I am. 'Tis  
 'true indeed, *says the King*,  
 'that you are not a Queen, but  
 'who deserves to be such, may  
 'in time come to it. I am not  
 'guilty of so great a vanity, *re-*  
 '*plies Irene*, as to hope for so  
 'great a change in my fortune,  
 'from the slenderness of the  
 'merit I can pretend to, and I  
 'have this opinion of your Ma-  
 'jesty's good nature, as that you  
 'will not any longer make an  
 'unfortunate person, such as I  
 'am, the subject of your diver-  
 'sion. Ah fairest *Irene*, *said*  
 'she



the Amorous Prince to her, what greater assurances, then I have done, can I make of the sincerity of my affection? Be satisfy'd then, that, as to my Love to you, the most passionate, and most faithful Lover in the World, cannot pretend to a greater, and if my tongue hath acquainted you with what my looks and sighs could not make you comprehend soon enough, imagine not that I expect, upon the account of my quality, to be exempted from the afflictions of a long Address, or am unwilling to undergo all the services and submissions, which the most amiable Mistress may look for, from a respectful Lover. But a disease grown so violent, as mine was, requir'd a sudden remedy, and, how coy and scrupulous

90 *The Unexpected Choice.*

‘scrupulous soever you may be,  
‘it may be some satisfaction to  
‘you, that a King, in the disco-  
‘very of his love to you, hath  
‘been afraid to displease you.

He said several other things to her, more passionate even then these, which he who overheard them, could not remember, as he did what I have given you an account of; I therefore leave it to the discreet Reader to imagine them: For, to make this King of *Naples* speak with the tenderness he did, and not injure him in the business of complement, it would be requisite a man should be as amorous as he was, which it is now past my time to be. *Irene* still answer’d him with her accustomed modesty, and without seeming over-hardly, or over-easily perswasible, she so ingeniously

ously broke off so ticklish a conversation, that the esteem the King had for her was thereby much heightned, and he was more in love with her at his departure thence, then he had been at his coming thither. From that time, no day pass'd, but he visited *Camilla* and *Irene*, nor did he miss any night his attendance at the Balcony, where he employ'd all his amorous eloquence, to assure her how passionately he was her Servant.

It happen'd one night, that having order'd his guard not to follow him, he went up and down the streets of *Naples* disguiz'd, accompany'd only by the Prince of *Salerna*, and he met with so much diversion at several places, that the better part of the night was past, when he

92 *The Unexpected Choice.*

he came to *Camilla's* Balcony. Looking about him more narrowly, he found that two men had taken up their station under it, or if not under, they were at least so near it, as to over-hear all the discourse which would have past between him and *Irene*. One of those men parted from the other, and went into *Camilla's* house, and the other continu'd still in the street. The King expected a while, to see if he would be gone, and leave him the freedom of the Street; but finding that he stirr'd not from the place, no more then if he had been a Sentinel charg'd upon pain of death to keep his station, he grew out of patience, and commanded *Prospero*, to go and question what that fixt person was, and to force him to a removal thence. The Prince

of *Salerna* makes towards him, but with such preparation and observance, as if he had been employ'd in some hazardous adventure. As he drew neerer and neerer him, the other made away before him. *Prospero* animated by his removal from the place where he stood, endeavour'd to come up to him, yet not with so much expedition as he might have done. The other made the more hast to get away, and perceiving *Prospero* still pursu'd him, he made the best advantage he could of his heels, and got into another street, the Prince of *Salerna* still following at a convenient distance.

Mean time, the King stirr'd not from the place where *Prospero* had left him, expecting his return, that he might send him to give notice to *Camilla* and  
*Irene*

94 *The Unexpected Choice.*

*Irene* of his waiting for them under the Balcony; and it is not unlikely his imaginations were wholly fixt upon his love (for a Lover never does any thing else, when he is alone, when that person who had parted from him whom *Prospero* pursu'd, and was gone into *Camilla's* house, was coming out again, and taking the King for his Camerado, ' Here *Calixtus*, said ' *he to him*, take this packet ' and make haste; the Commander in chief at *Cayetto* will ' take order for a Vessel for thy ' transportation to *Marseilles*. The King, not making him any answer at all, receiv'd the packet of Letters, which he presented to him. ' Farewel, *Calixtus*, added the same unknown ' person, the rest depends on thy ' diligence, and thou hast now

*The Unexpected Choice.* 95

'in thy hands the fortune of the  
'Duke' of *Anjou*, thy Master,  
'and mine. How, ungrateful  
'villain! unparallel'd Traytor!  
'crys the King, putting his hand  
'to his Sword, what design hast  
'thou contriv'd against me?  
*Rogero* (for it was no other) ex-  
asperated at his being so unhap-  
pily mistaken, and by his de-  
spair becoming more wicked  
then before, thought of nothing  
but of either sacrificing his own  
life, or taking that of his Prince,  
who had lov'd him so well. The  
reproaches he conceiv'd might  
be justly made him of his ingra-  
titude and perfidiousness were  
as terrible to him, as the tortures  
he might have been put to. He  
bad his Sword out as soon as the  
King, who charg'd him with so  
much rigour and fury, that *Ro-  
gero*, tormented with the re-  
morse

96 *The Unexpected Choice.*

morse of his crime, as he was, was forc'd to use all the art he cou'd to defend himself. At last animated with rage, and rallying all his spirits and courage, he no longer look'd on his Prince otherwise then as an enemy, whom he must either destroy, or perish, and by the efforts of a desperado which he made against his sacred person, oblig'd him also to defend himself the best he could. But Kings, who possibly may be as valiant as other persons, are commonly assisted by a Genius transcending those of other men. *Rogero*, though he charg'd his incens'd King with the greatest fury and despair imaginable, yet would he not haply have been able to hold out long against him, if the noise of their engagement had not brought to the place where



it pass'd, several persons, who would soon have torn to pieces that detestable subject, that durst attempt the life of his Prince. Some of his own domesticks, and of those of *Camilla* were the first that came into the street with lights, much astonish'd to see their Master struggling with the King. The unfortunate *Rogero* was so cast down at the appearance of the light, which expos'd him to the dreadful looks of his Prince, that he was not able to endure them. His rage and valour forsook him, and his Arms fell from him. The King, who had the satisfaction to see him wounded, after he had had much ado with all the assistance of his valour, to prevent his being so by him, seiz'd on him with his own hands, and committed him to

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the

98 *The Unexpected Choice.*

the Custody of the Captain of his Guards, who had receiv'd Orders to keep all that night about the avenues of *Camilla's* house, and was come in very seasonably at that time, follow'd by his Souldiers.

*Prospero*, in the mean time, was still in pursuit of his man, who running away, with all the speed he could, had unfortunately met full butt with the Watch, who that night, according to their custom, were taking their round about the City to prevent disorders. He discover'd so great astonishment, and was at such a loss in all his answers to whatever was ask'd him, that they were resolv'd to secure him, though *Prospero*, who pursu'd him with his Sword drawn, and made himself known to the Watch, had not commanded

manded them from the King, to take him into their Custody, and to have him ready whenever he should be call'd for. He return'd to look after the King, and if he was at first sight astonish'd at the great number of Torches he saw in the street, and to find the King, whom he had left all alone, so well accompany'd, he was so much more, when he understood what had past between the King and *Rogero*, and to see that Favourite, whom all the Court adored, generally detested by all, and by the Guards conducted to Prison.

This accident prevented the King's seeing of *Irene* that night, or at least he forbore it, because he would avoid seeing *Camilla*, whom he sent *Prospero* to complement, and withall to assure,

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that

that he made a distinction between her and her Brother, whose crime should not derogate ought from the esteem he had for her. *Irene* writ to him on *Rogero's* behalf, and, to oblige her Friend, did that which the importunate intreaties of a King passionately in love with her could not have obtain'd. The very next day *Rogero* was examin'd, and found guilty of High-Treason, for holding a correspondence with the Duke of *Anjou*, who had besides a great number of other Partisans in the Kingdom. He had receiv'd information by them of the insatiable ambition of *Rogero*; upon which intelligence, having propos'd to him a match with a Princess neerly related to him, with such advantages as he could not hope

*The Unexpected Choice.* 101

hope from the King his Master, that ungrateful Favourite, betraying his Faith and Honour, was in requital to receive the French into *Cayetto* and *Castellamara*, of which places he was Governour.

The same Judges who found him guilty of the Treason committed against his Majesty, discover'd also the treacherous design he had contriv'd against the Princess of *Tarentum*. I think I told you elsewhere how the Prince of *Salerna* had shunn'd this Princess and disclaim'd her concerns, when he saw her in disgrace, and very earnestly courted *Camilla*, whom he saw in favour. I am now to tell you of the same Prince, that no sooner had he perceiv'd, that the King repented him of the ill treatments

and misfortunes he had caus'd *Matilda*, through the malicious prosecutions of *Rogero*, and was of himself inclin'd to restore her to her former honours, and re-instate her in the possessions, which had been unjustly taken away from her, and to make considerable additions thereto, but he, the same generous *Prospero*, who had so lately so earnestly intreated the King to promote his Addresses to *Camilla*, was now as earnestly desiring he might decline her, and that he would not think amiss of him, if he still pretended to the possession of *Matilda*; and in the mean time, he pray'd the King that he would order her to be sought out, and that he would give him a Commission to find her, where ever they had intelligence that she was, and to bring

bring her back to Court. The King had his thoughts too full of *Irene*, that he should need a Remembrancer to put him in mind of her Brother *Hippolito*, and it was the greatest trouble he had, that there was no tidings of him. He thereupon sent Messengers into all parts of *Italy*, with order to find him out, while they sought after *Matilda*; and when they had found him, to bring him back to *Naples*. It was his hope, that he should give *Irene* an assurance thereby how neerly her concerns touch'd him, and how great an affliction it was to him, that she knew not what was become of a Brother, who was so dear to her.

This Amorous Cavalier, having spent much time and diligence in quest of his exil'd Princess,

cess, without any success, not so much as the satisfaction of having any tidings of her, wandered from place to place, as his Horse was pleas'd to carry him, not making stay at any, but when his own Horse, & also that of his Servants, whose thoughts were not so much bent upon the retrieval of the Princess of *Tarentum*, as his Masters, needed rest and refreshment. For the latter abating only the little time that sleep forc'd it self upon him, it may be said, he took as little rest as a damned Soul, and after he had spent whole days in fighting on Horse-back, he many times trifled away the succedent Nights, in making his complaints to the Rocks and Trees of the cruelty and absence of *Matilda*, and in quarrelling with the innocent Stars, which  
often



often shin'd to his great convenience; since he for the most part took up his lodging in the open Fields, and had no other Canopy then that of the Heavens.

It happen'd one day, that, being so oppress'd with sadness, he little reflected that his Servant and Horses could not feed on amorous thoughts, as he did, he was got, about Sun-set to an obscure Inn, which look'd more like a Rendezvous for Bandits and Rogues, then a place of entertainment for Travellers. Hippolito was riding on, for Lovers are indefatigable, when his Servant represented to him, that their Horses were not able to travel any further, by reason of weariness and want of meat, not speaking any thing of himself, who stood in no less need of re-

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freshment and rest. The despairing Lover was content upon this remonstrance to alight; but the Master of that wretched receptacle, who stood at the door, with his Wife, and another person of a mischievous look, and one that seem'd to be somewhat of a Souldier, came and told him bluntly, that he had no accommodation for him, and that both his House and Stable were full. *Hippolito* was nothing troubled at that disappointment, and would have kept on his way, whereat his Servant was enrag'd, when the Souldier, who accompany'd the Host, after he had whisper'd him somewhat in the Ear, comes to *Hippolito*, and tells him in the *Calabrian* Language, that he might alight, that he would heartily resign his Chamber, for the entertainment

of

of so noble a person as he seem'd to be; and upon the difficulty which *Hippolito* made of accepting so kind a proffer, the Host himself, who had before been so churlish, came and held the Stirrup for him to get off his Horse, looking on him with a smiling countenance, which might have sufficiently discover'd the treacherous intentions of the person.

With these civilities is *Hippolito* conducted by the Master of the House, and the Souldier, like an Ambassador, into the Inn. He had no mind to eat any thing, and having drunk only a glass of water (for Love is dry) he went out to take a walk at a place fit enough for the humouring of his Melancholy thoughts, which he had observ'd not far from the Inn.

His

His Servant in the mean time  
 fate down to Supper with the  
 host, his wife, and the civil Cala-  
 brian, who had so kindly re-  
 sign'd his Lodging to *Hippolito*.  
 He fed like one that had made  
 an escape out of a Garrison be-  
 sieg'd to the greatest extremi-  
 ties, and drunk so liberally, as  
 that he had only so much dis-  
 cretion left, as might carry him  
 to give his Master notice of Bed-  
 time, which he was as likely a  
 man to forget, as could have  
 been wish'd.

He went out to look for him  
 among certain Rocks, whereat  
 last he found him, deploring the  
 sad posture of his affairs and  
 affections, and brought him back  
 to the Inn. They carried him  
 up to a Chamber, suitable to  
 the house, that is, furnish'd with  
 a couple of wretched Beds, and  
 the

the Partitions so bad, that wind and air came in of all sides. *Hippolito* laid himself down with his Cloaths on, upon one of the Beds, and his Servant did the like on the other, where, having his brains and his belly full, his bones were soon at rest, and he slept so soundly, as if he had done it to give his Master an example. *Hippolito* slept not, that is, he would not, for it is as great a reproach for a slighted Lover to take a good night's rest, as to commit some unworthy action.

It was not long ere all in the Inn were laid to take their repose, or seem'd to be so; and that there was a general cessation of all noise, but snoring, when some people on Horseback gave a sudden Alarm, and knock'd at the doors, as persons  
when

# 110 *The Unexpected Choice.*

who were extreamly impatient to get in. The Host, who started out of his Bed upon hearing of the noise, knew them, and presently let them in. A while after, *Hippolito* hears the door of the Chamber next adjoining to his own open'd, and several persons going into it, whereof some came presently out again, and the others, who continu'd there, had some discourse together. The particular concerns of *Hippolito* were such as left him but little curiosity to make any enquiry into those of other people, and he had not listned to those persons whom he heard talking, if, upon their speaking sometimes louder than other, they had not given him occasion to observe one voice, which he thought was not unknown to him. He therefore kept



*The Unexpected Choice.* 111

kept in his breath, and listen'd  
to those who were talking, but  
could not hear what they said,  
till that towards the end of their  
discourse, one of them spoke so  
distinctly, that these words  
reach'd his Ear. 'Tis even so,  
'my Dear *Julia*, and I tell thee  
'again, that few persons of my  
'quality have been so cruelly  
'persecuted by Fortune, as my  
'self. She hurries me into dis-  
'graces beyond all former ex-  
'ample, yet how great and in-  
'sufferable soever they may be,  
'I am less sensible of them, then  
'of the ingratitude, wherewith  
'the basest and unworthiest of  
'men, hath requited the incli-  
'nation I had to love him, and  
'yet I must withal acknow-  
'ledge, that this ingratitude of  
'his towards me is a less discon-  
'tent to me, then that which I  
my

112 *The Unexpected Choice.*

‘my self am guilty of towards  
 ‘another. This is the only re-  
 ‘proach which perpetually at-  
 ‘tends me, and the remorse it  
 ‘gives me is a thousand times a  
 ‘greater torment to my  
 ‘thoughts, then all the losses I  
 ‘have receiv’d, and all the misfe-  
 ‘ries and misfortunes I am now  
 ‘reduc’d to.

Another person, who seem’d  
 to make her some answer, spoke  
 so low, that *Hippolito* could hear  
 only some words, without any  
 connexion, which were many  
 times interrupted by sighs. He  
 thereupon got up from the Bed,  
 and drew neer the Partition,  
 which divided the two Rooms;  
 but the noise he made was over-  
 heard, by those, to whom he  
 would have listned, and so there  
 was a cessation of discourse, but  
 not of the sighs of that afflicted  
 person,

person, whose voice he thought should be that of *Matilda*. It may well be imagin'd that he was extreamly impatient to know whether he were mistaken or not. To be satisfy'd therefore of so important a doubt, he was preparing himself to get out of the Room, when of a sudden the door was open'd; upon which, by the light of dark Lanthorn, he perceives four men coming in to him with their Swords drawn, among whom he took notice of the *Calabrian* Souldier, and the Master of the House. If he were surpriz'd to see those men come in to his Chamber, which he might well think was not out of any good design, they on the other side were as much at a loss, that they found him not a sleep, as they expected to have done.

*Hip.*

*Hippolito* thereupon drawing his Sword, ask'd them what they came for to his room at that unseasonab'e hour, and in that posture, and he no sooner observ'd them making ready to fall upon him, instead of returning him any answer, but he charg'd them first, with so extraordinary rigour and dexterity, that he soon forc'd them to find out their way out of the room. His man in the mean time awak'd & run to the place where the noise call'd him, and seeing his Master set upon by so many Enemies, he reliev'd him with much valour; but ere he came in, *Hippolito* had wounded two of those who were engag'd against him, and lay'd the most desperate of them dead at his feet. The Rogues fought and defended themselves with such animo-

*The Unexpected Choice.* 115

animosity as if they expected no Quarter; but though there had been a greater number of them then there was, they could have made no long resistance against the valiant *Hippolito*, seconded by a servant so courageous as his was. He afterwards dispatch'd another of his enemies, and the other two made a shift to escape. He was slightly wounded in one Arm, whereat he was so incens'd, that he would needs pursue them, and it is not unlikely he would have disburthen'd the World of those two Villains, as he had done of their Companions, if, amidst the astonishment those lewd men were in, they had not bethought themselves of the only expedient they had left, which was, to make a fair jump of a whole pair of stairs, and to shut the door after them.

*Hippo-*

*Hippolito* was a good while ere he could get it open, by which means the two murderers got away, and vanish'd, so that he and his Servant made a fruitless search after them. At last he return'd to the Inn, and went up to the Chamber, where he thought he had heard *Matilda's* voice. He found it open, and empty, as were also all the other rooms in the house, which he search'd with no less exactness then disquiet. 'Fulvio, said he 'to his Servant, I have heard ' *Matilda* speak, and I presently 'knew her by her voice, and 'none but a person damn'd to 'misfortune, as I am, would 'have mist her, after he had 'been so near her.

He thereupon related to *Fulvio* the words he had heard *Matilda* speak, constru'd them as  
much

much as he could to his own advantage, as he had indeed some reason to do, and instead of deriving any comfort thence, his affliction was the rather augmented, out of a perswasion that Fortune had not done him the kindness to let him hear the voice of *Matilda*, out of any other end, then that from his not seeing her, and not knowing what was become of her, his discontent might be the greater. He thereupon went out again to make enquiry after the Princess in all the places thereabouts, and when he had done so, to as little purpose as before, he was so simple as to return back again to look for her in the Inn, where he met with an absolute solitude, unless it were in the Stable, out of which *Fulvio* brought four Horses, besides his Master's and his own.

*Hip-*

*Hippolito* left the Inn, the most disconsolate Person in the world. *Fulvio* propos'd to him the carrying away of their Horses, who intended to have been their Murderers, as being lawful pillage, and represented to him, that possibly they might find *Matilda*, and so they should have a convenience to mount her, and what company she might have with her. *Hippolito* minded not what he had said, or vouchsafed not to make him any answer, so much were his thoughts overwhelm'd with sorrow: *Fulvio* took his Masters silence for consent, and having fasten'd the four horses one to another by the tails, drove them before him, with a design haply to make many of them, with the first opportunity.

They rode up and down a  
good



most good part of the day, ere Hip-  
polito would so much as open his  
car-mouth to make any answer to  
who the several questions put to him  
by *Fulvio*, to divert him from  
his sadness. They lost their  
way, and were got amongst a  
Company of barren Rocks,  
which seem'd strangely shuffled  
and together along the Sea-  
side, at the end whereof there  
was a sandy plain. Amidst  
these rocks, at a place where the  
sea made a little encroachment  
into the Land more then at any  
other, they fell in amongst a  
company of Country-people,  
arm'd with Cudgels, Clubs,  
Pitch-Forks, Halberds, and  
what other Arms they could  
get. At first sight, they were  
somewhat surpriz'd at the sud-  
den appearance of two men on  
horseback, and accompany'd  
by

by so many unmounted Horses: but seeing their number so small, and deriving a confidence from the greatness of their own, which might amount to above a hundred men; they tumultuously surrounded those who haply had put them into a little fright, and directed the points of their rusty Arms against them. Some cry'd out, who goes there? Others, what are you? Others, down with them. Others, whence come you? It was a hard task for *Hippolito* to have answer'd so many Interrogatories put to him at once, and if he could have done it, the confus'd multitude, which made a noise greater than that of a Conventicle of infernal Spirits, at the consecration of a Conjuror, would not have heard him. At length, a certain ancient

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ent and grave person, who made  
it appear afterwards, that he  
had some command over them  
(for then there was nothing to  
be seen of it) with extraordina-  
ry calling upon them, which oc-  
casion'd him a troublesome  
cough, as also with a few basti-  
nadoes bestow'd on some of  
them, caus'd a cessation of their  
talking so loud, though not of  
their grumbling. He comes up  
to *Hippolito*, and mildly ask'd  
him who he was, and what he  
sought in so solitary a place, and  
so far distant from the Road.  
*Hippolito* told him he was a Gen-  
tleman of *Naples*, and that he  
was going towards *Ancona*, but  
had lost his way. He thereupon  
ask'd the Commander in chief  
of that hastily-armed crue, up-  
on what design he had got toge-  
ther so great a number of peo-  
ple;

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ple; and he was inform'd by him, that certain Moorish Galloes, which had been seen cruizing along the Coast had landed a considerable number of Soldiers, who had Pillag'd some places neer the Sea-side, and upon the little opposition which had been made against them, or rather out of a covetousness of greater booty, were imprudently got further into the Country. He added, that most of those whom he saw in arms with him, had been plunder'd by them, and were resolv'd under his conduct to venture an engagement with them, as they return'd loaden with slaves and pillage, from a Village wherein all likelihood they would not leave behind them, but only what they could not bring away; that they must of necessity  
fall

fall into their hands, there being but that only passage for them to get back to the Sea-side; and that the loss of their goods did not so much animate those Peasants to that generous attempt, as that of their Wives and Children.

*Hippolito* was so mov'd at the relation of the old man, that he proffer'd to expose his life in their quarrel. They took him at his word; and the old Blade resign'd his command to him, which he accepted of, and he prevail'd with his Companions to consent thereto, who from the gallant demeanour of *Hippolito*, deriv'd no small confidence of their good success. They mounted the four horses which the precautions *Fulvio* had brought away from the Inn, with four of the most likely persons

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sons among them, whereof the old Blade was one. *Hippolito* divided his men into three parties; he posted one amongst the Rocks, where they could not be descry'd by their Enemies, with order they should not come out to fight, till they saw them and the enemies engag'd: he planted another party in a narrow passage, which led to the Sea-side, to prevent the coming up of the Infidels that way; and he himself with his Horse march'd before the third party, exhorting his people to behave themselves valiantly, and to close with the enemies as soon as they could, so to prevent the advantage they might otherwise make of their Arrows.

He had no sooner made an end of giving out his orders, after he had appointed his people

ple their several Posts, but the enemy appear'd, to the number of about a hundred and fifty men, in the midst whereof there marched several Horses loaden with booty, and follow'd by the Women and Children, whom they brought away as Slaves. The Moors, who expected not to carry off so considerable a booty without some blows, were not at all daunted to see *Hippolito* and his Troop marching up towards them, or haply slighted them by reason of the smallness of their number, nay possibly accounted them an augmentation of the prey. I shall not trouble my self, or Reader, with a particular description of an engagement between a party of Turkish Pirates, and a Company of Country people confus'dly shuffled together, though

the transcendent actions which *Hippolito* did, upon that occasion, deserv'd a recommendation to Posterity. I shall therefore only tell you, that his orders were punctually executed, that the Moors were prevented making any advantage of their Arrows, by his sudden falling in upon them; that he began their defeat, by the death of their Chief Commander, and put a period thereto by ridding out of his way, and the World, the most resolute among the Moors. The Peasants being by that time a little flesh'd with their good success, knock'd down without any mercy as well those who fought to the last Gasps, as those who laid down their Arms and cry'd Quarter, notwithstanding all the endeavours of *Hippolito* for a cessation of the Massacre.

The



The dead were regretted, as much as the common joy would permit, and the wounded were look'd to. *Hippolito* receiv'd a thousand acknowledgments, and as many thanks, from those poor people, who attributed all their success to his valour and conduct. While he was refusing the richest part of the spoils, whereof they would have made him a present, and would not do them the kindness to go along with them to refresh himself after his Victory, *Fulvio* brought up to him two Women, in Pilgrims habit, whereof one had no sooner taken off her head a great broad-brim'd Hat, which eclipsed all her face, but he found her to be his Mistress *Matilda*. He alighted, or rather flung himself down off his Horse, and cast himself at the

feet of his Princess, who embrac'd him with such demonstrations of tenderness, as made him forget all the former disobliging returns he had receiv'd from her, occasion'd by the tyranny of the Prince of *Salerna*. This faithful Lover was not able to bethink himself of complements parhetical enough to express the joy and satisfaction it was to him, that he had found her: never did he discover less eloquence in his discourse, and never could he have better perswaded what he desir'd, then he did then by the disorder of his thoughts, and the loss he seem'd to be at, as to what he would have said.

He was in suspence a while, whether he should acquaint *Mazilda* with the pains he had taken in quest of her, and the ex-  
cess

cess of his modesty made him so reserv'd, as that he would have forbore making any advantage of what he had done, though he could not well have done so without being unjust to himself. Yet at last he assum'd the confidence to give her a faithful account of all his adventures, ever since his departure from *Naples*, to look after her, and forgot not what had happen'd to him at the Inn, where he thought he had heard her voice.

*Matilda* satisfy'd him how extremely sensible she was of these fresh obligations, which he had laid upon her, and told him, that she ought him her Honour and her life, since the defeat of the Moors was the effect of his valour and conduct. She acknowledg'd it was no other than her

self, whom he had heard so near him in the Inn; promis'd to acquaint him by what adventure she had been brought thither, and to give him a relation of what else had befallen her, when there were a fitter opportunity to do it, and that she might do it without making others privy thereto.

The other Female in Pilgrim's habit, who accompany'd *Matilda*, was one of the Women that waited on her, named *Julia*, who only, of all her Servants, had been so faithful to her Lady, as to participate of her fortunes, and bare a share of whatever might happen to her. It is to be imagin'd that *Fulvio* and she consider'd that happy meeting as a kind of Jubilee; and for my part, I am apt to believe, that the complements upon the encounter

*The Unexpected Choice.* 131

encounter were very pleasant and witty, and (if I may presume to venture upon a new expression) the subalternate discoveries of their eloquence were transcendent upon that occasion.

The victorious Peasants, who had observ'd *Hippolito*, and *Matilda's* taking acquaintance one with another, renew'd their proffers of entertainment to *Hippolito*, who then made no difficulty to accept of them, upon account of the Princess. Among others, the ancient Commander in chief, who, as I have already told you, had brought the Peasants into the field, and commanded the ragged Regiment, before *Hippolito* came up to them, intreated him and *Matilda* also, that he might have the honour to lodge them; which they granted him. He there

thereupon sent away one of his Sons, to take order for their reception, at a pretty convenient house, which he had at the next adjoining Village.

'Twas now time to think of a departure thence, and the Victorious Army would have disbanded, had it not been thought civility to wait on *Hippolito* to his new Quarters. *Matilda* and *Julia* were mounted on the best Horses could be found. Among the many women who had been rescu'd out of the hands of the Moors, *Fulvio* took notice of one whom he conceiv'd he had seen somewhere, and who would have avoided him, as if she had known him, and was unwilling to be known by him. At last he got near her, and knew her to be the Host's Wife, who would have murder'd them at the Inn.

He

He went and acquainted his Master with it, having first order'd some of the Peasants to take her into their Custody.

*Hippolito* and *Matilda* with their retinue were entertain'd at the old Man's who was to be their Host, with all the kindness and good looks which could be expected from persons who thought themselves infinitely oblig'd, and would make all the expressions they could of their gratitude. The Peasants who liv'd in the same Village repair'd to their own Houses, and those who liv'd at a greater distance took their way homewards, to enjoy themselves and be merry after their Victory.

*Hippolito* order'd to be brought before him the Host's Wife, whom *Falsio* had caus'd to be secur'd; and upon the  
first

134 *The Unexpected Choice.*

first threats of imprisonment, she confess'd, that their Inn was a Rendezvous of Bandits, and High-way-men; that her Husband held a correspondence with all such who haunted those parts, and that his refusal of entertainment to *Hippolito* at his first coming to their house proceeded from his expectation, that night, of a notorious Robber, Camerado to the *Calabrian* whom he had seen at the Inn, to confer together about a Robbery they intended to commit the next day. She further acquainted *Hippolito*, that the kindness which the *Calabrian* pretended to do in resigning him his Chamber, was only out of a design to rob and murder him that night. The Story gives no account of what was done to this woman; after she had



had discover'd to them all they would have known of her.

Supper-time drew on, and *Hippolito* and *Matilda*, the better to disguise their condition, would needs have *Fulvio* and *Julia*, the old man and all his family to sit down at table with them. After the repast (which I suppose was soon ended, because they had not had time to make great provision) *Matilda* would not suffer *Hippolito* to continue any longer in the impatience of being inform'd of her adventures, and having an account by what traverses of fortune she was brought to the Inn, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Moors.

'After the command I had  
'receiv'd from the King to de-  
'part Naples, said she to him, and  
'that through the great preva-  
'lence

‘lence of my enemies, I had but  
‘that very night allow’d me, to  
‘put my self into a readiness to  
‘comply. with so rigorous an  
‘order, I implor’d the assistance  
‘of those about the Court,  
‘whom I thought I had oblig’d  
‘to be my Friends; but I found,  
‘to my regret, that they were  
‘only such to me proportionably  
‘to my prosperity. I had yet  
‘this greater affliction, that all  
‘my Servants forsook me, save  
‘only *Julia*. She had a Bro-  
‘ther married in *Naples*, who  
‘prov’d so generous, as to quit  
‘his family and the concerns of  
‘his profession, upon the en-  
‘treaty of his Sister, and to pre-  
‘sent his service, for my con-  
‘duct, to what place I should  
‘pitch upon for my retreat. It  
‘is to his diligence I am to attri-  
‘bute it, that though the order  
‘for

for my departure from Naples  
was brought me with the  
night, yet I was in a readiness  
to leave it before the next  
morning. Our Pilgrims ha-  
bits of *Loretto* disguiz'd us so,  
as that there was no notice ta-  
ken of us at our going out at  
the Gates. I travell'd that day  
as far as a young person of my  
Sex could have done, who was  
not wont to go much a-foot;  
and we continu'd our Pilgri-  
mage several dayes after, with-  
out any cross adventures. Ye-  
sterday, somewhat late in the  
Evening, we were met in a nar-  
row passage by three men on  
Horseback, whose looks as-  
sur'd us they were engag'd in  
some mischievous design. I  
would have shunn'd them, but  
did it with so much precipita-  
tion, and so unfortunately, that,  
my

138 *The Unexpected Choice.*

' my foot slipping , I fell down  
 ' at their Horses feet\*, which  
 ' forc'd them to make a sudden  
 ' halt. A great hat which co-  
 ' ver'd my face, fell off my head;  
 ' my Head-Cloaths were loose,  
 ' and my Hair, wherewith I am  
 ' well stor'd, came down over  
 ' my face, and some part of my  
 ' body. My misfortune would  
 ' have it so, that those men ob-  
 ' serv'd somewhat in me which  
 ' they fancied. They had some  
 ' discourse together, and soon  
 ' after alighted; one of them  
 ' laid hold on *Julia*, another on  
 ' me, and the third was engag'd  
 ' with *Julia's* Brother, who had  
 ' put himself into a posture to  
 ' rescue us, and whom we soon  
 ' saw laid on the ground, run  
 ' through the body with a  
 ' Sword. From all the misfor-  
 ' tunes that have happen'd to  
 ' me.

me, and which, of a Princess in all appearance happy, have reduc'd to the greatest miseries of any person in the World, I have reason to make this inference, that all humane prudence, and precaution cannot divert the designs of Fortune. We must let her take her own course, and assume a persuasion, that her inconstancy, which hath made us feel her malice, when we thought ourselves most in a condition to defy it, may restore us to her friendship, when we have least occasion to expect it. Upon this reflection am I fully resolv'd, *contin'd Matilda*, humbly to comply with Heaven's disposal of me; and according to that resolution was it, that, when I saw my self at the mercy of those unknown persons,

140 *The Unexpected Choice.*

' sons, I spar'd them the doing  
 ' me any violence to get upon  
 ' one of their Horses, since I  
 ' doubted not but they would  
 ' have done it by force; and  
 ' that though I was fallen into  
 ' their hands, yet death would  
 ' deliver me out of them, if e-  
 ' ver their insolence should con-  
 ' strain me to make use of that  
 ' extream remedy. *Julia*, who  
 ' had lost her Brother in the en-  
 ' counter, could not forbear la-  
 ' mentations, yet suffer'd her self  
 ' to be brought away in the  
 ' midst of them, without any  
 ' opposition. It was after night  
 ' ere we got to the Inn, where  
 ' you heard my voice. At the  
 ' first hearing of your engage-  
 ' ment with those Robbers, we  
 ' were extreamly frightened; but  
 ' when you had forc'd them out  
 ' of the Inn, and that we heard  
 ' no

*The Unexpected Choice.* 141

no further noise, *Julia* and I got out of the room where we were. The solitude we met with wherever we came, inspir'd us with a resolution to make our escape at a back-door of the Garden, which happen'd to be open, and the fear of being overtaken and brought back again, oblig'd us to make all the hast we could to get away. We travell'd all the remainder of that night, and a good part of the day, till the heat of the Sun and our own weariness, forc'd us to repose our selves amongst certain Rocks, not far from this place, whither we were invited by the shadiness, and where we were found fast asleep by the Moores, whom you have this day so fortunately defeated.

*Matilda*

*Matilda* concluded the relation of her adventures with new protestations to *Hippolito* that she would never forget what he had done for her. She would not acquaint him with the place where she intended to make her retirement, nor did he press her to do it. Her design'd refuge was to be at the house, or palace, of one of those petty Princes of *Italy*, whom there is good store in that Country; for he that has money may soon be Highness there. 'Twere easie for me to create a title according to my own fancy, since the History names not him, at whose habitation she retir'd her self; but his name would not contribute any thing of beauty or advantage to my Relation. *Hippolito* proffer'd to conduct her to



the place, whither she intended to go; but she would not by any means permit him, and with as much ado was she persuaded, at the earnest intreaties of the officious Cavalier, to take his Servant *Fulvio* and his Horses, to carry her and *Fulvia*.

I shall not here excite a sorrow in the compassionate Reader, by giving him an account how mournfully *Hippolito* took his leave of her. I shall, without giving him the trouble of any reflection of mine by the way, bring her to *Ancona*, where she sold some Jewels, and bring back the disconsolate *Hippolito* to the smoaky ruins of his burnt house, whither he got without money, and of all his Estate having nothing he could call his own, but the Horse that was under

144 *The Unexpected Choice.*

under him. He was hardly alighted ere he was accosted by a Gentleman of *Naples*, who was riding up and down at random, in quest of *Matilda*, as did also several others, whom the King had sent into all parts of *Italy* to find her out. He was inform'd by this Gentleman, how *Rogero* was fallen into disgrace; how *Matilda's* innocence came to be known and vindicated; the orders the King had granted for the finding of her out, and whatever else had pass'd at *Naples*, since he had left it, only he made not the least mention of the violent Love which the King had for *Irene*, which was generally known to all, and whereof this Cavalier gave *Hippolito* no information at all, either out of an excess of discretion, or for some other reason, which

which I know not. You may well imagine, that *Hippolito*, a person so generous as he was, and loving *Matilda* beyond himself, was extremely glad to hear of this revolution in her concerns, though he at the same time understood that his own made nearer and nearer approaches to the precipice of misfortune; the said Gentleman having assur'd him, that the King had promised the Prince of *Salerna*, that he and the Princess of *Tarentum* should secure their loves by the solemnities of marriage, as soon as she were return'd to *Naples*.

*Hippolito* intended to have made his appearance at Court; but he was so thunder-struck at his last news, that he resolv'd never to see it more. Nay his very life grew a burthen to him,

H

and

146 *The Unexpected Choice.*

and he so shunn'd the conversation of all sorts of persons, that he last of all the Kingdom knew, that his Sister was look'd on as the Beauty who had an absolute sovereignty over the King's inclinations.

In the mean time, *Matilda* could not be found, and though the Gentleman, whom *Hippolito* met, had been at *Ancona*, where he told him that he had left her, yet could he not get any tidings of her, notwithstanding all the enquiry he had made after her. There was a report spread abroad of the death of that Princess, with all the particular circumstances of it, and that report came to the Ears of *Hippolito*, who took it so heavily, that he was very far in his way after her. But at length he recover'd of the sickness it had

put

put him into, and the indisposition of his mind abated proportionably to the reassumption of his strength and Spirits.

He sometimes went abroad to take the air on Horseback along the Sea-side, and it was in one of those disconsolate diversions of his thoughts, that, after several reflections made on the misfortunes of his life, he resolv'd to give it a period in the War, which some of the *Grecian* Princes were then engag'd in against the *Turks*, who out of *Asia* began to make their incursions into *Europe*. But *Matilda* was at last found out, and *Hippolito* was so overjoy'd thereat, that he bestow'd his Horse, that is, all he had left him, on the person who brought him the news of it.

The same day, his Servant

H 2

*Fulvio*

148 *The Unexpected Choice.*

*Fulvio* came and found him out, and was much astonish'd to see his Master so extreamly cast down, and in very ill equipage, at a time when there was no other talk all over *Italy*, then of the great influence which his Sister *Irene* had over the King, and the affection he had for her. He acquainted *Hippolito* with the name of that Prince, at whose house *Matilda* had retir'd her self; how that *Prospero* was come thither from the King, with order to bring her back to *Naples*; and according to the commendable custom of Servants, of being over-hasty to tell their Masters bad news, he represented, to his, the joy which *Matilda* express'd at the sight of *Prospero*, much greater then it was, and insisted particularly on the assurances of af-  
fection

fection which she gave him. Nay, the expressions of her love towards him, *added this indiscreet Servant*, were so remarkable, that she would adorn her self with the old Hat, of which *Prospero* had sometime made her a present, which he had so often reproach'd her with, as an extravagance of his generosity, and which was so well known in *Naples* by the drollery it occasion'd about the Court. I know not what Devil she had entrusted with the keeping of it, that it could be found so of a sudden against *Prospero's* coming thither, which I believe was little expected; but it may well be imagin'd she had a great esteem for it.

With that honest *Fulvio* broke out into down-right rail-

150 *The Unexpected Choice.*

ing at the Princess of *Tarentum*,  
and that with so much invecti-  
on and bitterness, that *Hippolito*  
was forc'd to command him to  
be silent, and possibly would  
have bang'd him, had he conti-  
nued any longer speaking of  
her, without observance of that  
respect which he ought her.  
*Fulvio* told his Master further,  
that the Princess intreated him  
to meet her in the way to *Na-  
ples*. 'How! cries out *Hippo-  
lito*, is it not a sufficient afflicti-  
'on to me, that she loves me not,  
'but she must adde to that af-  
'fliction, by obliging me to be  
'an Eye-witness how much she  
'loves another? Must I needs  
'be present at her carresses of  
'*Prospero*, purposely that he  
'may have the satisfaction to  
'see me dy with grief, as if there  
'wanted nothing but my death.



*The Unexpected Choice.* 151

'to compleat their felicity?  
'But --- she must be obey'd,  
'though it were only to see, to  
'what extremity she can be un-  
'just.

He was in as good an humour to bemoan himself as man could be, and it is likely he would have acquitted himself of it proportionably to the occasion he had to do it, when he observes coming up towards him a considerable party of Horse, which *Fulvio* assur'd him was that which conducted the Princess of *Tarentum*, who out of a design to see *Hippolito*, had taken her way by his house, where she was in hopes to meet with him. And for that reason, though the King had sent some of his Coaches to meet her, yet was she resolv'd to make her entrance into *Naples* on Horseback.

152 *The Unexpected Choice.*

*Prospero* looking on himself as the best mounted, priding in his Plumes, as if he had been some Indian Emperour, thought it his place to ride next *Matilda*, who was not a little importun'd with his old expressions of Courtship. But if the persecution had ended with them, her patience had not been so much exercis'd; she must also lend her attention, or pretend it, to some amorous Songs, and the relation of what remarkable things had happen'd at *Naples* since her departure thence, and what new Plays had been acted, and how they took.

On the other side, *Hippolito*, melancholy to extremity, and making a discontented comparison, between his former magnificent appearances, and the mean equipage he was then in, would

would gladly have shunn'd the sight of *Matilda* and his Rival, especially being attended as they were by so great a concourse of people. But *Matilda*, who had him in her Eye at a great distance, and knew him, haply by reason of *Fulvio*, who had left her but a little while before, rode up to him, which oblig'd *Prospero* and the rest of the Company to do the like.

*Matilda* could not but observe how much *Hippolito* was surpriz'd at her coming, yet, to make one further tryal of his constancy, by reproaching him with a neglect in coming to meet her, and to congratulate that happy reverse of her condition. 'How! said she to him, is this *Hippolito*, the generous *Hippolito*, the best of  
H S my

154 *The Unexpected Choice.*

' my Friends, the noble rescuer  
 ' of my Life and Honour, and  
 ' not give me the meeting upon  
 ' this strange turn of my desti-  
 ' ny? How much am I the more  
 ' oblig'd to these noble persons,  
 ' who though they were invisi-  
 ' ble during the eclipse of my  
 ' fortunes, yet have come so far  
 ' to express their joy at the re-  
 ' covery of my former lustre?  
 ' if I am not to consider their  
 ' civilities as rendred rather to  
 ' the Prince of *Salerna*, then my  
 ' self. I have been so persecu-  
 ' ted by the Goddess who rides  
 ' not in the Chariot, but is turn'd  
 ' about with the Wheels of it,  
 ' that I do not think my self yet  
 ' so far out of the reach of mis-  
 ' fortune, as that I may not stand  
 ' in need of an *Hippolita*, when I  
 ' have the least hope or thought  
 ' of his assistance.

*Hippo.*

*Hippolito* had no answer to make, but to assure her by Oaths and protestations, that he had but just then heard of her happy return, adding withal, that if he had had intelligence of it sooner, he should have forborn meeting her, out of a fear, that a person so irrecoverably unfortunate, as he was, might have interrupted the publick joy. This respectful reply begat a compassion in *Matilda* towards that faithful Lover, and that oblig'd her to assure him, that it would have much disturb'd her particular satisfaction, if she had not met with him. She thereupon desir'd him to participate of her good fortune, since he had shewn himself the most concern'd in her adversities; telling him, that being now fully re-

solvd

156 *The Unexpected Choice.*

solv'd to dispose of her self in marriage, as having found by woful experiences, that a young Princess, destitute of Relations, stood in need of a Husband to vindicate and direct her; and that having already cast her Eye on him, whom she would make Prince of *Tarentum*, it was her desire, he would honour her with his presence at the Nuptials, which she would be very unwilling to have celebrated without him.

*Prospero* imagining himself the person principally concern'd in that affair, added his intreaties to those of the Princess, and, contrary to his custom, spoke with much civility to his Rival, accompany'd with greater cares than ever would have been expected from him. An unfortunate person, who des-  
pairs.

pairs of seeing any period of his misery, explicates all things to his own disadvantage, as one desperately sick turns all manner of good aliment into poison. *Hippolito* entertain'd all these civilities and expressions of *Mitilda* as new cruelties, which she would exercise upon him. He was not able to comprehend, how her heart could be so far petrify'd towards him, as to desire he would be a Spectator of the ceremonies of her Nuptials. He was absolutely at a loss what answer to make her, and could only look on her with a certain amazement. His faithful Servant *Enlivo* was as much scandaliz'd at it, as he. He stood behind his Master venting his indignation in bitter curses, and wishes, that they had rather fallen by the hands of the Murderers,

138 *The Unexpected Choice.*

therers, on the Moors, then be reduc'd to the extremities they were then in, and at last he presum'd to whisper his Master in the Ear with an execrable Oath, that he should not go, and that *Matilda* was a person irrecoverably lost to all shame, to invite him to her Nuptials with *Prospero*.

In the mean time, *Hippolito* could give no great attention to the advice of his Man, in regard *Matilda* reiterated her intreaties, and with so much importunity, that he could not deny her. She would have him immediately mount a Horse, which she had purposely order'd to be brought for him, and it may be, he was not then so well acquainted as to have his Boots on. Thus was *Hippolito* with many fair words courted a Horse back,  
but



but extremely out of countenance, and humour, riding of one side of *Matilda*, who on the other had the Prince of *Salerna*. The Princess satisfy'd that she had prosecuted her design so as to get his Company, made him the only subject of her discourse. She took occasion to discover how infinitely she was oblig'd to him, and gave all those, who were near enough to hear her, a particular relation of all the gallant actions perform'd by *Hippolito*, as well against the Robbers who intended to murder him at the Inn, as against the Moors, whom he defeated afterwards, with a small party of Peasants little acquainted with the business of fighting, though the former had very much the advantage as to numbers.

*This*

160 *The Unexpected Choice.*

This discourse was perfect discord to the Ears of *Prospero*, and therefore to interrupt her, he must needs, how impertinently it matters not, bring in the story of his achievements, the night that *Rogero* was taken, and tell them, with what speed he had pursu'd that *Calixtus*, of whom we have elsewhere spoken, as one privy to the correspondence which that pernicious Minister held with the Enemies of his Prince. *Matilda* gave him no great attention, and still directed her discourse to *Hippolito*, though he made little answer to any thing she said to him. But *Prospero*, upon the least occasion, falling afresh upon the same discourse, would be heard, though with the dissatisfaction of those from whom he expected audience; and not, with-

withstanding whatever others had to say, yet would he not have any thing heeded, but his insisting still on the important service he had done the State and *Matilda*, in running after that *Calixtus*, so great a privilege of talking did he assume to himself.

He would have mortify'd the Company much longer with an account of that noble exploit, if the King had not appear'd, attended by all the gallantry of both Sexes about Court and City. *Prospero* express'd much joy at the King's advance, as conceiving the accomplishment of his happiness neer at hand; *Matilda* and the Company look'd on it as a welcom deliverance from his impertinent talk. He rode up to the King, not knowing why he did it, and soon.

162 *The Unexpected Choice.*

soon after return'd again to *Matilda*, then to the King again, till at last, like a Muscovian Interpreter at the reception of a Forreign Ambassador upon the Frontiers, both parties were got so near, that he thought it time to present *Matilda* to his Majesty, though there was no necessity of his taking that trouble upon him. She was receiv'd by the King as kindly as she could have wish'd. He made his excuses to her, as to the violence and injustice had been done her; charg'd *Rogero* with all, and for reparation of the injuries she had receiv'd through the malicious contrivances of that disgrac'd Favourite, he bestow'd on her one of the most considerable Counties in the Kingdom. *Prospero*, thinking himself oblig'd to make acknowledgments  
of

of that Princely boon no less  
then *Matilda*, would needs pre-  
vent her in the doing of it, but  
in the midst of his complement  
brought in his adventure of run-  
ning after *Calixtus*, as if the King  
had done it as much out of a  
consideration of that service of  
his, as the sufferings of *Matilda*.  
But *Matilda*, taking her turn to  
express her gratitude to his Ma-  
jesty, acquitted her self so well,  
that the Audience were at a loss  
whether more to admire her  
humility, or her wit. I shall  
not here undertake to make a  
recital of the excellent expres-  
sions, whereby she discover'd  
her resentments of the King's  
innocence as to all the disasters  
she had weather'd out, and  
those of her own gratitude upon  
this unexpected liberality. I  
shall only tell you they had the  
general

general applause of all that were present, as I have been assur'd by creditable testimonies. *Prospero* observing that *Matilda* had done speaking to the King, who was casting his Eye about to see what other persons he might take notice of, would have added something to what she had said; but mistrusting it was more likely he would have come off with disgrace, he wisely forbore it.

While the King, the Prince of *Salerna*, and *Matilda* were thus engag'd, *Irene* was gone to *Hippolito*, whom her eye had singled out, though he stood behind several other persons; and perceiving she was out of the King's sight, she cast herself about the neck of that dear Brother, for whom she had shed so many tears, and could not even

even then forbear the doing of it. *Hippolito* who lov'd *Irene* no less then a Sister so amiable and obliging could deserve, entertain'd her with such demonstrations of affection and kindness, as might have rais'd a sympathy in those among the spectators whose hearts were most petrify'd into an insensibility of passion, so strangely was his, as it were, dissolv'd, at that happy interview. The King, having disengag'd himself from *Prospero*, look'd about for *Irene*, for he could not be long without her, and having perceiv'd her with her Brother, his amorous impatience was such, that he would needs ride up to her. He treated not *Hippolito* as a simple Subject, when she presented him to his Majesty. *Matilda*, *Camilla*, *Prospero*, and what

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even



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166 *The Unexpected Choice.*

what other persons of quality were got neer the King, might easily observe that he spoke to *Hippolito* after such a manner, as argu'd that Cavalier was in a fair way to rise at Court. But all the King's kind expressions and looks were not powerful enough to dispel from his countenance, that cloud of sadness, wherewith it was overcast, by the serenity observable in that of his Rival, whose satisfaction seem'd so great, that all others were dissatisfied thereat.

In the mean time, the Sun darting his perpendicular rayes on that Courtly Assembly, grew too warm for some heads among them, especially such as were most inclin'd to baldness, of whom such as wore Periwigs had then the advantage. All the Gnats, whose habi-

habitations are much about the Sea-side; the flies that sported themselves about the adjacent places; those which waited on their Horses, who waited on the King from *Naples*; those also which had taken a greater Progress with those persons who accompany'd *Matilda*; in fine, all those wing'd Insects, which we may call the Parasites of the Air, seem'd to have appointed a Rendezvous at the place where these great persons met, with a design to torment both Horse and Man, as much as lay in their little power, and of those Horses, the most expos'd to the animosity of the flies were such as had shortest tails. The Umbrelloes indeed did in some measure secure, such as had them, against the heat of the Sun, but not against the reverberation

168 *The Unexpected Choice.*

beration of the scorch'd earth, and the Clouds of dust, which the *Sistole* and *Diaistole* of the Lungs, commonly called *Respiration*, forc'd into the throats of most there, even of the King himself. In a word, the place was not maintainable any longer; but, to the greater persecution of those, who were most unmercifully treated by the Sun and the Flies, the King thought no time long to be where *Irene* was, nor had he yet disburthen'd himself of all he had to say to *Matilda*. He therefore spoke to her, loud enough to be heard by those who were within any convenient distance of him, in these terms; for I have the relation of this passage, *verbatim*, as I may say, from one who took what the King said, word for word, by the

the Art of Memory, the time and place being very unfit for the doing of it by Characters.

‘Fair Princess of *Tarentum*,  
‘*said he to her*, the persecutions  
‘you have suffer’d under my  
‘Reign, and, as I have already  
‘acknowledg’d, in some mea-  
‘sure by my orders, I must con-  
‘fess have been very great; and  
‘the reparation I have made  
‘you argues how far I am satis-  
‘fy’d of the injustice of your  
‘sufferings; yet shall I not think  
‘my self fully acquitted, till I  
‘have endeavour’d, to the ut-  
‘most of my power, to contri-  
‘bute as much to your future  
‘felicity, as I have done to your  
‘past misfortunes. It is not  
‘therefore enough, in my ap-  
‘prehension, that I have de-  
‘clar’d you innocent, that I  
I ‘have

170 *The Unexpected Choice.*

‘ have re-instated you, in all that  
 ‘ had been unjustly detain’d  
 ‘ from you, and that I have  
 ‘ made an unexpected augmen-  
 ‘ tation thereof, if I gain not  
 ‘ your concurrence with the in-  
 ‘ clinations which the Prince of  
 ‘ *Salerna* hath to join with you  
 ‘ in Matrimony. It is by the re-  
 ‘ commendation I make you of  
 ‘ this Prince, that I hope to can-  
 ‘ cel some part of my obligations  
 ‘ towards you, and it is by your  
 ‘ acceptance of him, that I make  
 ‘ account to recompence him,  
 ‘ for the important services he  
 ‘ hath done this State.

‘ Ah! my Liege, reply’d *Ma-*  
 ‘ *tilda*, be pleas’d to be so cauti-  
 ‘ ous in your desires of being just  
 ‘ to *Matilda*, as that you be not  
 ‘ unjust to *Prospero*. Acknow-  
 ‘ ledgments may have their ex-  
 ‘ cesses as well as ingratitude.

‘ You

*The Unexpected Choice.* 171

' You would not reward the  
' Prince of *Salerna* proportion-  
' ably to his merit, by only be-  
' stowing on him the Princess of  
' *Tarentum* ; and by making me  
' a present to that great Prince,  
' you would bestow on me more  
' than I have deserv'd. I am  
' satisfy'd with your Majesty as  
' far as it is possible I should be,  
' and these last demonstrations  
' of your munificence, where-  
' with you have honour'd me,  
' upon a consideration of my  
' misfortunes, are so dear to me,  
' that they will henceforward  
' be the most pleasing object of  
' my reflections. If therefore,  
' your Majesty be so conscienti-  
' ous in making satisfaction  
' where you conceive your self  
' oblig'd, and since Subjects  
' ought to regulate their actions  
' according to the examples gi-

172 *The Unexpected Choice.*

'ven them by their Prince, will  
 'not your Majesty give me  
 'leave, now that I am in condi-  
 'tion and ability to acquit my  
 'self, to do it without any fur-  
 'ther delay, and to make my  
 'satisfaction proportionable to  
 'the services which have been  
 'done me? Approach then,  
 'brave and generous *Hippolito*,  
 'said she to that Cavalier, turn-  
 'ing her self towards him, and  
 'make your acknowledgments  
 'of my gratitude, after you  
 'have so long had cause to com-  
 'plain of my want of it. You  
 'have oblig'd me, by a love of  
 'many years standing, a love so  
 'violent, that all the traverses  
 'of my fortune, all the disasters  
 'that have happen'd to me, nay  
 'all my disdains have not been  
 'able to check into any remis-  
 'sion. I am indebted to you,  
 'besides



besides the vast expences which  
that constant passion put you  
upon, besides the greatest part  
of your estate spent in the vin-  
dication of my quarrel, for  
your fair House, which was  
burnt upon my account. I am  
further to acknowledge that I  
owe you my honour and my  
life, which were in danger a-  
mongst Robbers and Moors;  
and I owe you also the life,  
which you hazarded to rescue  
me out of their hands. I am  
as desirous, generous *Hippolito*,  
to acquit my self of all these  
obligations, as I have been wil-  
ling to acknowledge them:  
but those which I have receiv'd  
from *Prospero*, as being the  
more ancient, are more pres-  
sing upon me, and may justly  
claim precedence of yours.

*Hippolito* grew pale at these  
last

last words of *Matilda*; but presently, that paleness dislodg'd, and a sudden Scene of blushing succeeded, as if he had summon'd all his blood and Spirits into his face. *Prospero* look'd on him with a smiling countenance, but whether it proceeded from pity or a secret insultation, none had the time to guess at: and composing his countenance into an amorous posture to look on *Matilda*, he receiv'd her thoughts of him, and his pretensions to her, in these terms.

' Prince of *Salerna* ! you have  
 ' taken much trouble upon you  
 ' to induce me to a perswasion  
 ' that you lov'd me from my  
 ' Childhood; I am convinc'd,  
 ' and have found, that you have  
 ' always treated me like a Child.  
 ' You always made it your busi-  
 ' ness to keep her in awe, whom  
 ' - ' you

‘you call’d your little Mistress,  
‘and you have perpetually  
‘amus’d her with trifling Sto-  
‘ries and Songs, or persecuted  
‘her with your checks and re-  
‘proaches, and this at a time,  
‘when she expected more impor-  
‘tant services from you. In a  
‘word, the greatest demonstra-  
‘tion of Love you ever thought  
‘fit to make her, amounted on-  
‘ly to a plume of old Feathers,  
‘worn by you, haply ere she was  
‘born, which she promis’d you  
‘to keep, and now makes it ap-  
‘pear, that you cannot charge  
‘her with any breach of her  
‘word. With that, she took  
off her Head the Hat, where-  
with the Prince of *Salerno* had  
sometime presented her, and  
making him a return of the  
same present, she put this period  
to her discourse. ‘Dreadful

176 *The Unexpected Choice.*

' Prince of *Salerna* ! the no-  
 ' ble expressions of your Love,  
 ' Words, and Feathers, I here  
 ' requite, by giving you a re-  
 ' turn of the like; they may  
 ' prove more fortunate in your  
 ' future Addresses to some other  
 ' Beauty than they have done to  
 ' me, who thus disengag'd from  
 ' you, bestow my self on *Hippa-*  
 ' *lito*, and, by that **UNEX-**  
 ' **PECTED CHOICE**, make  
 ' him Prince of *Tarentum*, and  
 ' account all I have little enough  
 ' to satisfy my obligations to  
 ' him, whom of all men I have  
 ' found the most generous. She  
 thereupon gave the Prince of  
*Salerna* his own fatal Hat, with  
 one hand, and with the other  
 fasten'd on that of the despair-  
 ing *Hippolito*, who thencefor-  
 ward ceas'd to be such and as  
 little look'd for that unexpected  
 hag.

happiness, as *Prospero* did for his Hat and Feathers.

The King and all there present were not a little surpris'd at this strange turn; but when he consider'd how much *Irene* was concern'd in that fortunate advancement of her Brother *Hippolito*; and the justice which was remarkable in the action of *Matilda*, he could not forbear approving it: And the commendation he thereupon gave that Princess, for her generous choice, kept the Prince of *Salerna* from falling into those impertinences, which possibly his passion might otherwise make him guilty of. For no question but this Satyrical discarding of him by *Matilda*, when he so little imagin'd any such disaster near him, and before so eminent a concourse of noble persons, struck

struck him so to the heart, that he knew not which way to turn himself, such a conflict of shame, confusion, and distracted thoughts was there apparent in his very countenance. Nay he was so exasperated against *Matilda*, that he would have vented his indignation in railing at her, according to his magisterial custom of treating her, if the fear of displeasing his Prince, and the concern of his estate had not check'd his natural insolence. His disturbance was so observable, that the King took pity on him, and presenting *Camilla* to him, after he had had some private discourse with her and *Irene*, he told *Prospero*, that so beautiful a Lady as she was, with all the estate and advantages, which her Brother *Rogero* had some time

time been possess'd of, might in some measure make him reparation for the loss of *Matilda*.

While the King was obliging the Prince of *Salerna* by this new overture, the whole Court was got about *Matilda* and *Hippolito*, wishing them all the joys consequent to the just choice she had made of that faithful Lover. They were both of them put to the extremities of their eloquence to make returns answerable to the complements they receiv'd upon that occasion; and no question, at the long run, they would have been forc'd to repetitions: but the King came up very seasonably to their relief. 'Fair Princess  
'of *Tarentum*, said he to *Matilda*, I am now convinc'd, that  
'nothing argues a juster desert  
'of greatness, then the imitati-  
'ON

' on of great examples. Such  
 ' have you given me, in your  
 ' choice of *Hippolito*, and requi-  
 ' tal of those services of his,  
 ' whereof he hardly imagin'd  
 ' that you had any remem-  
 ' brance. *Irene* is a person I  
 ' conceive my self infinitely ob-  
 ' lig'd to, upon the account of  
 ' her beauty and that of her ver-  
 ' tue; and, according to your ex-  
 ' ample, I make her the greatest  
 ' acknowledgments I can there-  
 ' of, by making her this day  
 ' *Queen of Naples.*

This so unexpected a decla-  
 ration of the King had such  
 an effect on that noble Assem-  
 bly, as it is more easie to imagine  
 then express; and they were  
 all more surpriz'd at it, then at  
 that of *Matilda*. *Irene*, falling  
 down at the King's feet, ex-  
 press'd her humility and resig-  
 nation;



nation, by her respects and silence. The King took her up, contenting himself then only with a kiss of her hand, and from that time treated her no otherwise then if she had been the greatest Queen in the World. They took their way towards *Naples*, where all hands and wits were set on work about the preparatives for the King's Nuptials, who order'd a short prorogation of those of *Hippolito* and *Matilda*, *Prospero* and *Camilla*, that one and the same day might be remarkable in all subsequent computations of time, for the solemnization of those three illustrious marriages. The King never had the least occasion to repent him of the choice he had made of *Irene*. *Matilda*, who was of so amorous a disposition, as to have  
lov'd

182 *The Unexpected Choice.*

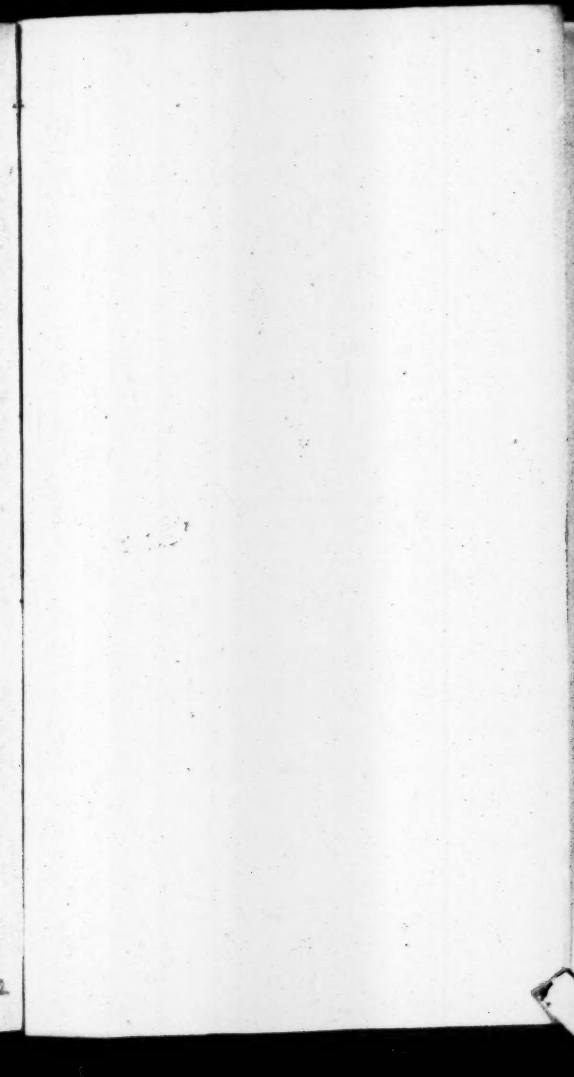
lov'd the Prince of *Salerna*, much beyond what he deserv'd, and that upon no other account then that he had been the first who had presented himself to be lov'd by her, had an affection for *Hippolito* consonant to the seasonable services he had done her, and the sincere Love whereby he was animated to the performance of them. On the other side, *Hippolito* could make no greater acknowledgments of that Unexpected Choice, which, of the most disconsolate, had made him the most fortunate of all Lovers, then by loving her as entirely, now that he was her Husband, as he had done whilst a Gallant. Only *Camilla* was unfortunate in her match with *Prosper*: she durst not refuse him, out of a fear of incurring the King's displeasure,

*The Unexpected Choice.* 183

pleasure : who had promis'd *Irene*, that he would inflict no other punishment on *Rogero*, then that of a departure out of his territories. And so, to save her Brother's life, she made her own unhappy, by marrying an impertinent and a jealous Prince, who was thought ridiculous enough before his Addresses to *Matilda*, but, after her discarding him, with so remarkable an affront, became the scorn and derision of the Neapolitan Court.

**FINIS.**





---

LICENSED,

Aug. 25<sup>th</sup>  
1669.

Roger L'Estrange

---

Ellen. Owen. THE

UNEXPECTED CHOICE,

A

NOVEL.

BY

Monsieur SCARRON.

Rendred into English, with Addition and Advantage.

---

By JOHN DAVIES of Kidwelly, Gent.

---

LONDON,

Printed for John Martyn, at the  
Sign of the Bell without  
Temple-Bar, 1670.

John Doe

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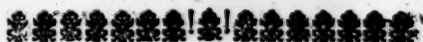
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TO THE  
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL  
AND

Most Accomplish'd,  
THOMAS STANLEY Esq;

**I**F we may credit the di-  
ctates of Venerable *A-*  
*strology*, we are to im-  
pute the happy or un-  
happy conduct of our *Lives*,  
to the *benevolence*, or *malig-*  
*nancy*, of those *Aspects*,  
which guide our *Nativities*.  
What Pieces of the most Co-  
mical,

## The Epistle

*mical*, and most *Burlesque*  
Monsieur S C A R R O N  
have come forth in my  
Dress, I fell upon under  
your Roof, and they had  
their *Birth*, in *English*, under  
your *Patronage*, and accor-  
dingly prov'd fortunate in  
the World. But since, in  
the production of the  
least *Effect*, there is a gene-  
ral concurrence of all natu-  
ral *Causes*, I am to attribute  
that *success* (besides the  
precedent *Direction*) to the  
just persuasions of the  
more ingenious, who voted  
something of more than or-  
dinary excellency, in what  
they

*Dedictory.*

they saw Dedicated to so  
precious a name as *STAN-*  
*LEY.*

When the former *NO-*  
*VELS* came first abroad,  
you were acting *Lord Chan-*  
*cellour* among the *Ancient*  
*Philosophers*, assigning the  
several *Sects*, their proper  
*Sentiments* and *Opinions*,  
and in a *Decree* of *Two large*  
*Volumes*, deciding all the  
*differences* between them.  
But *This* (if I am rightly in-  
form'd) will find you con-  
sulting the *Oracles* of our  
*Municipal Laws*, of which  
*Study*, since you have over-  
come the *severity*, I am  
A 4 only

## *The Epistle.*

only to wish you the *Sweetness* and *Advantages*.

It were easie for me to apologize for the *smallness* of the *Present* I now make you, by alledging, that *Books*, like *Essences*, derive not their value from *Quantity*, but *Vertues*, and that a little *Pill*, or *Cordial*, prescrib'd by a *HARVEY*, or *SCARBOROUGH*, outvy, in esteem, all the voluminous *Recipe's* of the ordinary Class of *Physicians*. But I would rather let the World know, by this *Address*, that your *Kindnesses* to me have begot this  
*Fami-*

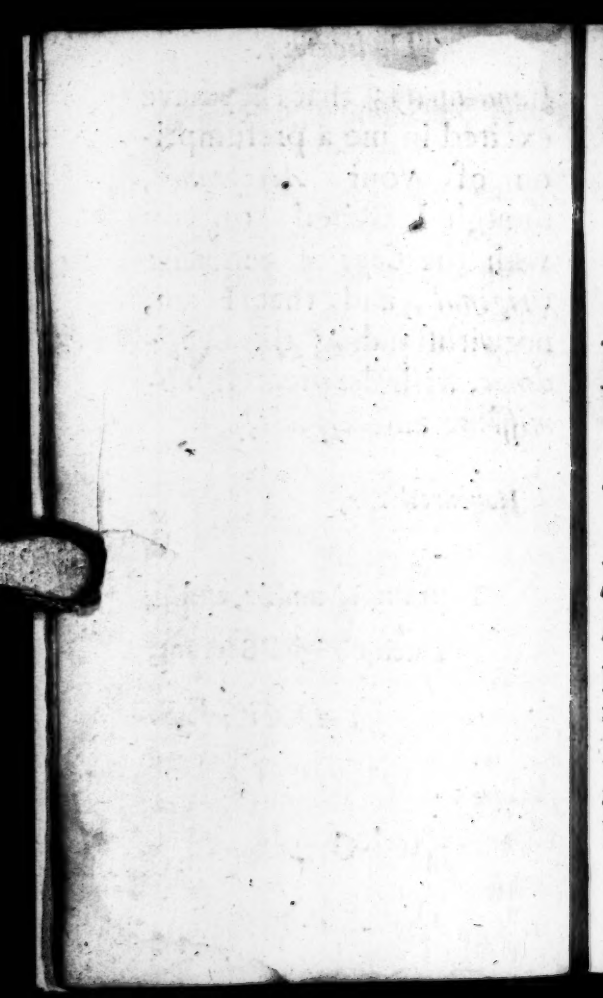
*Dedicatory.*

*Familiarity*; that they have excited in me a presumption of your *Acceptance*, though I waited on you with the *Copy* of a meaner *Original*; and that I am, notwithstanding this *Confidence*, with the greatest *submissions* and *respects*,

*Honoured Sir,*

Your most humble, and  
much obliged *Servant*,

J. DAVIES.





TO ALL  
INGENIOUS  
NOVELISTS.

*Gentlemen,*

**P**Refaces, Advertisements, and whatever else is preliminary to mens Works, seem to be certain Supererogations, whereby Authors would inveigle their Readers into a greater conceit thereof. The Motives to this Devotion I find to be different,

To all Ingenious  
rent, suitably to the diversity  
of mens humours.

Some, out of a generous inclination, unwilling to omit any thing of ceremony or complement, when they court the publick Eye, think it but requisite, by this means, to excite a kind of previous satisfaction, in those whom they would oblige to the perusal of their Labours. Others, through the contagion of Example, have heightened the Civility into an Obligation, and conceit it incumbent on them, to usher in their Discourses, with some commen-



## NOVELISTS.

commendatory account thereof, as if they would represent the pleasantness of a Country, by a Landskip of it. Others again do it, out of compliance with the clamorous desires of the Book-seller, who flatters himself with the hope of good success in his Adventure, upon the elaborateness of what is introductory to his Book.

For my part, what I now do, in this kind, proceeds not strictly from any of these Motives. As for my Productions, they who know me, know also, that I have not been guilty

## To all Ingenious

guilty of those profusions in point of advertisement, as might cajole many into a perusal of them, but have left them, without much pre-occupant recommendation, to stand or fall by their own merit: And as to the Venders of them, 'tis only to be wish'd their Civilities had born some proportion to the Advantages they have made thereby.

What then occasions the present Trouble? This; that I thought it convenient to give some account of this so late obstetrication of one Brother, so long after the first,  
second,

## NOVELISTS.

second, and third Births, in the English Tongue, of seven others, and that within the space of seven years.

Monfieur SCARRON, a person the most eminent of this last Age, for the humour of his writing, hath betray'd therein a certain Drollery, or (if I may so express it) Burlesquery of Wit, transcending all others who offer'd any thing in that kind; and what made him the more remarkable, was, that he did it, amidst the perpetual torments of Chronical Diseases. Among others, he  
fell

To all Ingenious  
fell upon the subject of NO-  
VELS, wherein he prov'd  
so fortunate, that had he writ-  
ten Centuries of them, diver-  
sive Inclinations would ne-  
ver have complain'd of a  
glut. Of this there cannot  
be a greater demonstration,  
then the kind entertainment  
they have met with in our  
Language.

The first Three which  
came to my hands, and, by  
that means, into English, were  
communicated to me by a La-  
dy, who dy'd, young, the  
Lustre of her Age and Sex,  
Mrs. Catharine Philips,  
pub--

## NOVELISTS.

*publish'd under the Titles of*  
The FRUITLESSE  
PRECAUTION, The  
HYPOCRITES, The  
INNOCENT ADUL-  
TERY.

*Afterwards, lighting on*  
Monsieur SCARRON'S  
COMICAL RO-  
MANCE (*since ingeni-  
ously Englished by another*  
*Hand*) I added the four o-  
thers I found there; to wit,  
The INVISIBLE MI-  
STRESSE, The TRA-  
PANNER TRA-  
PANN'D, The JUDG  
in his own CAUSE, and,  
The

To all Ingenious

The CHASTISEMENT  
of AVARICE: *which,*  
*put to the other Three, make*  
*up the Seven Elder Brothers,*  
*mentioned before. How this*  
*last, on which I have be-*  
*flow'd the Title of The UN-*  
**EXPECTED CHOICE,**  
*came to ly dormant so long,*  
*I cannot tell; and only think*  
*it imputable to their precipi-*  
*tancy, who printing his*  
*Works, since his death, and*  
*not having it by them, put*  
*out what Collections they*  
*could hastily make, to get the*  
*start of others, whom they*  
*suspected to be engag'd upon*  
*the same design. So that*  
*this*

## NOVELISTS:

this last appeared not in any collected Edition of his Works, till that printed in the Year 1668. wherein I find it added to the three former, and so making up one Volume of the six, into which all his Works are now divided.

Meeting with it thus, and thereupon reflecting how kindly the others had been receiv'd here (so as in few years to come to a third Impression, now sold by Thomas Bassett, at the George in Fleet-street) I could do no less then supply the place of

## To all Ingenious

a transplanting Father to this, as I had done to the rest, and to send him abroad, like another Joseph, to see how his Brethren did, yet without any presumption of his attaining such Grandeur, as that his Elders should bow to him, and acknowledge his Supremacy.

And observing withal, that there was not anything more, of that kind, to be had of Monsieur Scarron's (at least according to that Collection of his Works) I have ventur'd to give it what Additions I could. Whence it comes, that  
in



## NOVELISTS.

in the Title, I affirm it to be English'd with much Addition and Advantage ; which if any shall think much to credit, that is, are Sceptical as to my Sincerity ; let them pursue their own satisfaction by consulting the Original.

And thus have I acquitted my self, as to what I had to say of this late publication of the present Novel. But another complaint I have to make against the Posthumous Editions of Monsieur Scarron's Works, is, that I find not in any of them a perfect Catalogue

To all Ingenious  
logue of the Pieces written  
by him; of which defect, I  
may have occasion to say more  
elsewhere.

And lastly, whereas it is  
not unusual in Prefaces, to  
make some promise of what  
else may be retriev'd, of Au-  
thours, whose precedent La-  
bours have been well re-  
ceiv'd; I am here to acquaint  
the Ingenious Novelists, and  
other Lovers of the Producti-  
ons of Monsieur Scarron,  
that there is yet something of  
his upon the Stocks, which  
will be ready to be launch'd  
out in the English Language  
some

## NOVELISTS.

some time the next Term,  
without any Proviso, upon  
the kind or unkind reception  
of this.

J. D.

---

THE

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THE  
UNEXPECTED CHOICE,  
A  
Novel.

By Monsieur Scarron.

**T**Hough it be the first requisite in the writing of a story, to begin with the circumstance of Time, yet must I (who am a man of an humour by myself, and have always pretended to greater sincerity then any that ever employ'd themselves in writing Novels) acknowledge my self at a loss, as to this particular, & can only say, that what I am going to relate happen'd

B

during

2      *The Unexpected Choice.*

during the time that *Naples* was govern'd by Kings. Under one of those named (if my instructions deceive me not) *Alphonso*, there lived one *Leonard de S. Severin*, Prince of *Tarentum*, one of the chiefest Grandees of the Kingdom, and the most eminent for Military Affairs of his time. To the great regret of all lovers of Heroick Spirits, this excellent person dies in the Summer of his Age, and noble exploits, and leaves the Principality of *Tarentum* to an only Daughter, named *Matilda*, of whom I find one very pleasant remark, whereof I think it my duty to give the Reader a strict account, to wit, that the very day of her Father's death, she had been upon the Theatre of this World, just sixteen years and a half, wanting eleven weeks, and consequently

quently that from the time that her Parents made use of the means to get her, we may account much about seaventeen years. This young Princess was born, or begot (it matters not much whether) under so benevolent a Constellation, as if a Society of Astrologers had minuted either the coition or the nativity, to her advantage only, without any communication of its influences to others that might possibly come into the World at the same time. But whether we are so much oblig'd to the stars for their influences, as those Gentlemen tell us, or not, certain it is, that common fame gave it out of *Matilda*, that she was beautiful as an Angel, and that this beauty, lest it might dazzle such as beheld it, was surrounded by so extror-

4      *The Unexpected Choice.*

dinary a mildness and sweetness of nature, as gave occasion to such as were unacquainted with the strangeness of her ingenuity, to suspect her being at a great distance from it.

Her Father, having no other, and out of hopes of any more Children, had long before his death promised her in marriage to *Prospero*, Prince of *Salerna*. This *Prospero* was a person of an insolent and very incompilant humour: and yet the pattern of mildness and serenity, *Matilda*, by reason of her often seeing of him, and bearing with his imperious treatment of her, had brought her self to such a custom of loving and fearing him, that there was never any slave so absolutely dependent on the disposal of a Master, as this young Princess was on that  
of



*The Unexpected Choice.* 3

of old *Prospero*; for, in comparison of a person so young as *Matilda*, I may justly so call a man, who trebled her Age, that is, wanted not much of completing a Jubilee.

The Love she bore this superannuated Lover might well be called a certain awe and submission, begot by custom, rather than the effect of any inclination; and yet, however it might be called, it was so full of sincerity, as that which he bore her was of self-interest. Not but that he had a kindness and affection for her, and that to as high a degree as possibly he could have, and in that he did no more then what any other might have done as well, since she was the most amiable person in the World: but he was of his own nature, one that was in-

6     *The Unexpected Choice.*

capable of being amorous to any great height, and, in the person, to whom he directed his affections, setting a value on her merit and beauty, distinct from that due to her upon the account of her wealth. According to this Character of him, his addresses should have been very importunate to *Matilda*; and yet he was so fortunate, or rather she so easily satisfy'd, that though he had not for her all the respects and compliances requisite in a person that knows how to love, he nevertheless became absolute Master of her affections, and by accustoming her to his ill humours, brought her to think them the more supportable. He alwayes found fault with whatever she did, and was perpetually persecuting her with those instructions, which  
grave

*The Unexpected Choice.* 7

grave persons are apt to give to young people, and which the latter so unkindly entertain. In a word, he must have been more troublesome to her than an ill-natur'd Governess, if she could have found any thing to quarrel at, in a person whom she truly lov'd. This indeed must be acknowledg'd, to his commendation, that when he was in a good humour, he entertain'd her with pleasant stories of the old Court, he play'd on the Guitar before her, and express'd his activity in the footing of a Saraband. His age I gave an account of before, which was, that if he had alienated his Patrimony, he was within two years of his restoration, according to the Jewish Law-giver. There was little to be objected against his person; he was very neat and

8      *The Unexpected Choice.*

modish in his Cloaths, but above all extreamly curious in his Periwiggs, a clear argument that he had but little hair of his own, what service soever he may have lost it in. Nor was he negligent in ordering his teeth, for the greater beauty of them, only it might be said that time, which shortens other things, had made them somewhat longer then they were twenty or thirty years before. He also took a great deal of pains to exceed others in the whiteness and delicacy of his hands, and suffer'd the nail of the little finger of his left hand, to grow to a very great length, which he thought the finest piece of gallantry in the World; for which I cannot imagine what reason he might have, unless it were to distinguish him from all others. Moreover,

over, he was a great Artist in the disposing and intermixture of his Feathers and Ribbands; very punctual in the observance of some devotion at night; went alwayes perfum'd, and his Pockets were never unfurnish'd with somewhat to eat, and Verses to recite; and he forgot not to bring along with him some wretched Copies of his own production. As for new Songs, and whatever were *A la mode*, of that kind he was as well stor'd as any man, and as cheaply; for, of those who had the reputation of being ingenious, he was a great lover of such only as expected nothing from him. He had a little smattering skill upon several instruments; did his exercises passably well, and above all others, that of Dancing. He had done some re-

10 *The Unexpected Choice.*

markable actions, whence he might have pretended to some repute of gallantry; but these were counterpoiz'd by a many others, not fit to come into that Class, so that they were, as a man may say, like Cherries hastily gather'd, for one ripe one, two or three that were not. In fine, to make a more perfect Anatomy of the person, I conceive it cannot be done any way so well, as by a certain description, which I had occasion to make of one who thought it his shortest way to reputation, to write somewhat against me, wherein he would needs make my diseases, and the deformities of my body the subject of his Satyre. As to the fame he propos'd to himself, he is the more likely to obtain it; because both his writings and mine contribute

*The Unexpected Choice.* II

tribute to the accomplishment of his desires. And thus much of his Character suits with the person I am now to describe, and so I shall not stick to give this latter the same denomination, as I had done the other, which was;

*The Fantastick Gallant.*

HERE lies one known so well by fame,  
That we need not inquire his name,  
Needing no other superscription,  
For his discov'ry, then this description.

He'd been a tow'rdly child and bold,  
And fate a Horse at seven year old;  
But alas! who would ere have thought,  
He should at manhood come to thought.

To singing he a love did bear,  
Though he had neither voice, nor ear;  
And at a dance he would make one,  
Though's dancing-days were well-nigh  
(gone.

Yet:

12 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Yet as to this fair Quality,  
Some stick not to affirm, not I;  
That they are not the best to dance  
Who've liv'd at *Naples*, or in *France*.

There was another great disaster,  
Our Gallant was a Poetaster;  
And Verses made, such as they were,  
But still *Minerva* was not there.

He had too, but the Dev'l was in't,  
A Fortnight's mind to be in print;  
Yet was he at perpetual Jars,  
With Printers, and with Book-sellers.

With these he had had treatises many,  
But still without effect in any;  
They still with charge and hazard close,  
Liking Mens works to Gondoloos.

Of these some few, for state or price,  
For Grandees were and Seigneuries,  
Others, for many that desire  
Frequent convenience, at low hire.

To neither he contribute wou'd,  
Parted with Coin like drops of blood;  
And so the cautious crew to spight,  
Did all transcribe, or all recite.

Another.



Another way then came in's pate  
His reputation to dilate ;  
Of some new Mode to be th'inventer,  
His wits he stretch'd upon the Tenter.

For colours, Mottoes, and devises  
To please fair Ladies of all sizes,  
All came to him, sooner or later,  
As to perpetual Dictator.

Of Fancies, Periwigs, and Feathers,  
He had to suit all sorts of weathers ;  
Yet might he justly make't his boast,  
That all was done with little cost.

Another humor much did haunt  
This Fancy-Feather-wigg'd Gallant ;  
His Pedigree he would derive  
As far—as any man alive.

From truth, I mean ; for had he not  
A Christian been, 'cause so begot  
( However he had scap'd the bryers )  
The Heath'nish Gods had bin his Sires

But Modesty a Vertue is,  
Sometimes resides in Palaces ;  
So some well known-Heroick coition  
Did satisfie his great ambition.

How.

14 *The Unexpected Choice.*

Howere, he had no mind to wars,  
Because men thence return'd with scars,  
Broken pates, wounds, & many thumps,  
Disorder'd limbs, and wooden stumps.

Yet would he talk of fights & sallies,  
Pitch'd fields on mountains, or invallies  
Onsets, assaults, storms, and approaches,  
As freely as of Balls or Coaches.

Nay such was his discourse, in fine,  
Of Military Discipline,  
That, to a common understander,  
He seem'd to be some *Alexander*.

He further understood the Globe,  
As Surgeon does the use of Probe,  
Knew how the Stars their course did  
As if he'd been their Secretary. (vary,

But what did more concern mankind,  
He was not in those things behind,  
Wherein some men do place a glory,  
Transcending all Romance or Story:

That is, he fasten'd had his claws  
Of study in most Countries Laws;  
Could give accotnt of severall Nations,  
Their humors, policies, and fashions.

Of

*The Unexpected Choice.* 95

Of knowledge nothing scap'd his  
As if he'd been in the deep pit, (wit,  
Where unexhausted Science lies,  
Humane attempts to exercise.

In things also, some time he'd spent,  
Of quite another Element;  
For (since it was not Heav'n's command  
All mischief should be done on Land.)

In Sea-affairs he was well skill'd,  
To Mathematicks kindly-will'd,  
And on the Chard could read a Lecture  
Much better then on Architecture.

To Empires far remote, by line  
In Map, their bounds he could assign;  
And, by the same, account did keep  
Of the vast Regions of the Deep:

Yet little maw he had to roam,  
Nor seen, but once, ten miles from home:  
He would not trust the Seas untrue,  
For all the Treasures of Peru.

Those he so hated, that he swore,  
He'd rather break his neck ashore,  
Then hazard drowning in the Main,  
Never to be retriev'd again.

But

16 *The Unexpected Choice.*

But what e're he might be, yet these  
Were comprehensive Knowledge,  
Such as the Owner might commend  
To some Admirer, and some Friend :

But still there wanted somewhat yet  
These great endowments to compleat :  
In all emergencies, *Mens sana*,  
Sincerity, and prudence, *Ana*.

Modest thoughts, of high perfections,  
In all concerns, calm recollections,  
Neatness, without affectation,  
Constancy in inclination.

These Characters denote a mind  
To all transcendent Arts inclin'd,  
Which Art and Nature's joynt consent  
Would raise up to accomplishment.

But what are all these advantages  
in comparison of that  
which out-weighs them all ?  
One of the most amiable Princesses  
in the World look'd on  
this person as the only object of  
her devoted Love ; true it is,  
she

she was not full seventeen years of age ; but this pitiful Prince of *Salerna* thought that the least of his concerns , and reflected not on the disproportion between them as to that particular. The Princess *Matilda*, being beautiful and wealthy, as she was, would, no doubt, have been ador'd by divers other humble-Servants, and Gallants, if it had not been generally believ'd in *Naples*, that her matching with *Prospero* had been a business fully concluded long before her Father's death. To which may be added, that the quality of this Prince was such as diverted all those, who upon the encouragement of their estates or extraction might have been his Rivals , from making any addreses to her. The greatest part therefore of these  
over-

over-timorous, and over-cautious Lovers were content to make a discovery of their inclinations for her only by their sighs, which we may well think avail'd them little, since that in the concerns of this world, speeding ever presupposes speaking. Only one person, named *Hippolito* made a publick profession of being a Rival of *Prospero's*, and a most respectful Lover of *Matilda*. He was of one of the most illustrious houses of *Spain*, descended from that great *Ruis Lopez d'Avalos*, who was Constable of *Casteele*, and in whom Fortune made the greatest demonstrations she could of her inconstancy; inso-much that having been the wealthiest and most eminent Grandee of his Country, he was scornfully forced out of it in a

poor

poor and wretched condition,  
and reduced to the extremity of  
accepting mony of his friends,  
to make his escape to *Arragon*,  
where the King took him into  
his protection, and assign'd him  
such Revenues in *Naples*, as to  
maintain him answerably to the  
rank of the chiefest in the King-  
dom. This *Hippolito* was one of  
the most accomplish'd persons  
of his time; and the reputation  
of valour which he had acquir'd  
in several parts of *Europe*, meet-  
ing in conjunction with that of  
having a clear and gallant Soul,  
made him remarkable above all  
others. He was then fallen in  
love with *Matilda*; conceiv'd  
little hope of his being belov'd  
by her, while she had any kind-  
ness for *Prospero*, and yet could  
not forbear loving her. He was  
liberal even to prodigality,  
whereas

whereas his Rival was thrifty even to avarice. He slighted not the least occasions of making discoveries of his magnificence towards *Matilda*, yet without the least advantage to himself, in regard her imperious Servant *Prospero* kept her from approving ought of those gallantries, which any other besides himself might have performed upon her account. But a violent Love defies all difficulties and disdains, and will act consonantly to its own inspirations, whatever the success may prove. He therefore often ran at the Ring before his Mistress's Window; entertain'd her with Serenades, appointed Turnaments, and Tiltings; in fine, he omitted no divertisements, whereby he might force that insensible Beauty to some acknow-



ifty acknowledgment of the Love  
hted he bore her. The devises, and  
ma colours of *Matilda*, were known  
gn and observ'd in his Liveries;  
ye and the Verses he made for her,  
ge to and the Aires and Songs he got  
ious compos'd and sung in praise of  
rom her, made her the general dis-  
gal- course of all in *Italy*, who were  
be any way concern'd in the affairs  
per- of Love. And yet she was no  
But more mov'd at all this, then if  
diffi- she had never heard any thing  
will of it; and it happen'd many  
spi- times, that by the exprefs order  
cess of her Prince of *Salerna*, she  
fren must take some trivial occasion  
Mi- to get out of *Naples*, just on the  
n'd every day, when the amorous  
ted *Hippolito* intended to divert her  
in with a Ball, Tilting, or some  
ise- such gallantry. Nay upon all  
rce occasions she disoblig'd him with  
me o apparent an affectation, and  
ow- behav'd

behav'd her self towards him with a rigour so inconsistent with the disposition of so intelligent a person as she was, and gave all a just ground to charge her with cruelty, and to murder against her.

But *Hippolito* was nothing discourag'd at all these obstacles; and his Love was rather enflamed to a higher pitch, than any way remitted by those visible disdains of *Matilda*. Nay, what was yet of greater consideration; he express'd towards *Prospero*, the respects he ought him not, even though he had not been his Rival, and, to shew his submissions to *Matilda*, had for him those deferences, which are commonly observ'd by such as converse with persons of a quality transcending their own, though only Fortune (not al-  
ways

him wayes the Patroness of Merit)  
 then made the difference between  
 him and the Prince of *Salerna*.  
 , a word, he respected his Mi-  
 stress in his Rival, and, by an in-  
 expressible violence in the busi-  
 ness of Amours, forbore all a-  
 version towards him, because he  
 was belov'd by *Matilda*.

It was quite otherwise with  
*Prospero*; he had a perpetual  
 Pique against *Hippolito*, talk'd of  
 him with all the disadvantage he  
 could, nay would have given  
 him an ill report, could he have  
 been perswaded any would have  
 believ'd it. But *Hippolito* was  
 the darling and delight of *Naples*,  
 and his reputation was there so  
 well settled, that all his endea-  
 vours to blast it would have  
 prov'd fruitless, even though the  
 other had discontinu'd the  
 doing of those noble acti-  
 ons,

ons, whereby it had been rais'd.

Thus was *Prospero* the happiest man living in his Loves, and, at a small charge, assur'd of the Favours of *Matilda*; and that fair Princess saw him not often enough, though he visited her every day, when, by a sudden Apostacy of Fortune, she was reduc'd from the height of prosperity, to the extreamest point of misery. She had a Cousin-German by the Father's side, a Person, whose worth had been the more remarkable, had it not been obscur'd by his ambition and his avarice. He had had his education with the King, was much about his age, and had so far insinuated himself into his affection, that he was in a manner the director of all his diversifements, and the Alembick, through

through which all his favours to others were distill'd. This *Rogero de S. Severin* (so was he called) bethought himself, that the Principality of *Tarentum* belong'd of right to him, and that a Daughter could not inherit, to the prejudice of an Heir-male, of the same name and family. He acquainted the King with his pretensions, who permitted him to make all the advantages he could thereof, and promised to countenance and assist him with his authority. The business was kept secret a while, till such time as *Rogero* had possessed himself of *Tarentum*, and put a strong garrison into it; all which was done before *Matilda* had the least distrust of any such design.

The poor Princess, surpriz'd with this treacherous turn of fortune,

fortune, and never having had any cross accident before, was as it were thunder-struck at the news of it. She was forsaken by all, save only her sincere Lover *Hippolito*, who appear'd on her behalf, in opposition to all the attempts of a Royal Favorite. On the contrary, *Prospero*, who was oblig'd to her above all others, did less for her than any; whereas *Hippolito* did not only what he should have done, but much more. He went and proffer'd her the utmost of his services, which yet she durst not accept of, fearing she might thereby displease her Prince of *Salerna*, who visited her not as he was wont to do, while the Principality of *Tarentum* was thought to be indisputably her right.

In the mean time, *Hippolito*  
fell

fell into discourse, upon all occasions, concerning the injustice they did *Matilda*, and the groundless pretence of *Rogero*; who hearing of it, threatned him with a Guard, in case he forbore not that freedom of talking. But he being a person generally belov'd, not only in *Naples*, but divers other places, where he was known, had rais'd up a party strong enough to put the Favourite into some doubt of the success of his lewd designs. He made several attempts upon *Tarentum*, but all prov'd fruitless, by reason of the good order which *Rogero* had taken for the security of the place. At length, animosities growing higher and higher on all sides, and several Princes of *Italy* concerning themselves in the quarrel, the Pope was forc'd to interpose

his authority therein ; by whose perswasions all further Acts of hostility were prevented, and the King of *Naples* was prevail'd with, to appoint Judges, of known integrity, to decide the difference betwixt his Favourite and *Matilda*.

It may be easily imagin'd what extraordinary expences *Hippolito* was at in the mean time, being the head of so considerable a party, and of the humour he was of; and it will not also be a hard matter to grant, that *Matilda*, though a great Princess, was soon reduc'd to very great extremities. The Favourite had got all her Estate into his possession. He had perswaded the King that she held a correspondence with his enemies. Of all her former Revenues, she could not command  
any



any thing, and none would become Creditors to a person, whom a Favourite was resolv'd to ruine. *Prospero* had made an absolute breach with her, not affording her so much as the favour of a visit, nor expressing the least compassion for her misfortune; yet was her affection still so great towards him, that she was not so much sensible of his ingratitude, as his forgetfulness of her. *Hippolito* would not himself make her any proffer of money, as being fully satisfy'd, that she would have refus'd it. He bethought himself of a more generous course. He got one of his friends to present her with it, with instructions that he should not so much as mention the name of *Hippolito*, and engage the Princess upon her honour, never to speak of

it, that the pleasure he did her might not procure him the hatred of the Favourite.

In the meantime all preparations were made for the decision of the difference; the Judges met, and the cause was carryed for *Matilda*. The King was displeas'd with the Sentence; *Rogero* was enrag'd; the Court was astonish'd at it; all were glad or sorry, according to their different inclinations and concerns; but the generality admir'd and commended the integrity of the Judges.

*Matilda* being over-joy'd that she had got the better in a suit of so great importance, sent a Gentleman express, with all the expedition she could, to give *Prospero* an account of the happy success of her affairs. *Prospero* was very much pleas'd to hear  
it,

it, and to assure the Messenger of his gladness, he embrac'd him, and entertain'd him with much kindness, and liberally promis'd him his services, if ever any occasion should require them. *Hippolito*, who had no notice of it till after his Rival, presented the person, who brought him the news, with a Diamond of very great value. He prepar'd a noble treat for all of the Court, that would participate of it: he caus'd a spacious place to be rail'd in, before his Mistress's Windows, and for eight days together oppos'd all persons that came against him, at the exercise of running at the Ring. A divertisement and gallantry of that transcendence is not ordinarily perform'd without much noise of it. Many Princes of *Italy*, most

Relations and Friends to *Matilda*, were concern'd in it, and were remarkable for what they did; and the King himself, who was a great Lover of that kind of exercise, honour'd it with his presence. The Favourite had such an ascendent over his Master, that he might have prevented his being there; but he, out of some mysterious policy, had made a seeming reconciliation with *Matilda*, as it were out of a design to have all the World satisfy'd, that if he had not really been perswaded he had a right to the Principality of *Tarentum*, he would not have attempted the possession of it. The King took it kindly at his hands, that he had so readily submitted to the decision of the Judges; and to reward his compliance, and recompence  
the

the loss of his pretensions to *Tarentum*, bestow'd on him one of the most considerable Governments in the Kingdom, additionally to those he had before.

Mean time, *Hippolito* out-did all that appear'd at the exercise of tilting. Among others, *Prospero* would needs be his Antagonist. He came in over-shadow'd with Feathers beyond all that ever us'd that ornament to vanity ; but at the first carriere he got, instead of the honour he had propos'd to himself, a cruel fall ; either through his own fault, or that of his Horse, and hurt himself very sore, or at least pretended it. He was carried into *Matilda's* House, who out of indignation immediately left the Balcony, and bestow'd many ill wishes on the amorous *Hippolito*. He came to hear of

It, and was so extremely troubled thereat, that he broke up the meeting, and went his ways, like a Desperado, to a fair house he had, about a League distant from Naples.

*Prospero* in the mean exasperated at his fall, treated *Matilda* after a strange manner, so far as to tell her in plain terms, that she had been the occasion of his disgrace, and to reproach her with being in love with *Hippolito*. The innocent *Matilda*, always sweet-natur'd, always humble, and always implicitly in love with her own Tyrant, begg'd his pardon, made all the excuses she could, and in a word was as simple, as he was brutish.

*Hippolito* had a Sister, who had been brought up at the Court of *Spain*, where the Queen was pleas'd to have a  
more

more then ordinary kindness for her, and was not long before return'd to Naples, upon some account or other, whereof I could never meet with any, and yet it might have been of great concern to the carrying on of this story. Besides her advantage as to beauty, which was very great, she was a person of extraordinary merit, such as might well render her worthy the vows of the chiefest in the Kingdom. At her return out of Spain, she found her Brother's affairs in so bad a posture, that when he had appointed the running at the Ring, she would not by any means appear at Court, where she could not have an attendance suitable to a person of her condition, and she had confin'd her self to that fair house, which was all her Brother

36 *The Unexpected Choice.*

ther had unfold. She saw that Divertisement; but, *incognito*, and having observ'd her Brother breaking up the meeting so abruptly, and departing from *Naples*, she follow'd him, and found him in the most deplorable condition of any man living. He had broken his Lances to pieces, torn his feathers, and his hair, nay wreak'd his indignation on his cloaths and his face; in fine, he was fallen into such a distraction, as she could have conceiv'd but little hopes of his recovery, had she not known, that a look of *Matilda's*, though still indifferent, nay even cruel, would make him forget a thousand ill treatments. She therefore made it her only care to comfort him, gave way to his passion instead of opposing it;  
rail'd



rail'd at *Matilda*, while he gave her ill language, and spake again as advantageously as she could of her, when, after all his transportations, she found him more amorous than ever he had been.

The humorous *Prospero* was far from having the same compliance for *Matilda*; the fall off his horse stuck in his stomach still, and he was perpetually charging her with it, as though she had been the principal occasion of it. It happen'd one day, that, after she had been to give her Judges thanks for their favourable decree on her behalf, she went to do the like to the King, though he had been against her; but, in Courts, for any one to speak sincerely and according to his Sentiments, argues weakness of judgment, and want

want of Prudence, and to receive denials otherwise than with thankful acknowledgements, a certain indigence of common civility. It happen'd then, one day, that being in an Outer-room at Court, adjoining to the Presence-Chamber, she sees *Prospero* coming in. He had visited her indeed after his fall, but never left her without a reproachful Lecture, for having suffered *Hippolito* to run at the Ring before her door. Nay he stuck not to tell her plainly, that if she had not resolutely settled her affections on his Rival, she would not have had so great a compliance for him.

But nothing could be more injurious, nothing more insufferable than the impertinent complaints and expostulations  
of

of Prospero. It was not in Matilda's power to prevent a publick exercise of that kind, though it had not been done upon her account, since her Palace took up one whole side of a spacious Quadrangle, and if she could have done it, she ought not to have done so, without hazard of being defective in point of Civility or Gratitude. Only Prospero's erroneous reflections satisfy'd him, that she had done amiss, and that she had injur'd him in a high degree, and he was so incens'd against her, that he had forbore visiting her, as if all correspondence between them were quite broken off. The poor Princess was extremely troubled at it, and she no sooner perceiv'd him coming, but she went and stood just in his way. He would have stop'd her,

her, and with a scornful look,  
pass'd by. She took him by the  
Arm, and looking on him with  
an Eye able to charm any but  
that humorous Master, she ask'd  
him what occasion she had gi-  
ven him to shun her. 'What  
'occasion have you not given,  
'*replies the Prince very angrily,*  
'and what hope you ever to re-  
'cover the reputation you have  
'lost, in countenancing the  
'Courtship and Gallantries of  
'*Hippolito*? It is not in my  
'power to hinder his affection  
'towards me, nor yet to prevent  
'the discoveries he makes of it,  
'*replies Matilda*; all I have to  
'say for my self, is, that he hath  
'little encouragement to do ei-  
'ther from my approbation  
'thereof; and methinks I could  
'not give him a greater assu-  
'rance of my displeasure, then  
'that

‘that of quitting the Balcony  
‘soon after he had begun the  
‘sports before my Window.  
‘You should have forbore com-  
‘ing into it at all, *says Prospero*;  
‘but give over dissimulation,  
‘and acknowledge, that the  
‘true reason of your departure  
‘thence, was, that you observ’d,  
‘in the looks of all that were  
‘present, how much they won-  
‘dred at your appearance there.  
‘The love of *Hippolito* had al-  
‘ready dispossest’d you of your  
‘judgment, and his empty gal-  
‘lantries had soon out-weigh’d,  
‘in it, all the services it was in  
‘my power to have done you;  
‘*Matilda* could not forbear  
tears at this harsh reproof;  
yet would have return’d him  
some answer; but he gave her  
not the time to do it, besides  
that the indignation she per-  
ceiv’d

42 *The Unexpected Choice.*

ceiv'd spreading over his countenance, quite startled her out of all resolution. 'When it  
'was doubtful whether you  
'were Princess of *Tarentum*,  
'said he to her, and the King was  
'ready to order the securing of  
'your person, I was desirous to  
'see what might be the fruits of  
'your infidelity and imprudence, and whether adversity  
'would occasion your being  
'guilty of a great miscarriage.  
'I forbore making any publick  
'discoveries of my solicitations  
'on your behalf, as your Gallant did, nay I pretended my  
'self clearly unconcern'd in what  
'had happen'd to you. In the  
'mean time *Hippolito* made  
'much noise, and serv'd you  
'but little, and your affairs were  
'a long time in a desperate condition. You did what you  
'could,

'could, to reassure your self of  
'my affection, but still left un-  
'done the main thing you should  
'have minded, since your kind-  
'ness was still the same towards  
'*Hippolito*. You had your de-  
'signs in all, and imagin'd you  
'carried them on with much  
'secrecy and subtilty. You be-  
'thought your self of all the  
'ways you could to drain that  
'undeserving Gallant, out of a  
'fond perswasion, that when  
'it would be for your conveni-  
'ence to disburthen your self  
'of him as a superfluous and  
'useless person, I should think it  
'an excess of happiness, to sup-  
'ply his place; and you made a  
'full account that if upon the  
'tryal of your cause you should  
'have lost *Tarentum*, the charms  
'of your Beauty would at any  
'time assur'd you of being Prin-  
'cess

44 *The Unexpected Choice.*

'cess of *Salerna*. But as soon as  
 'a favourable Decree had made  
 'a revival of your hopes, the  
 'scene of your affection was  
 'chang'd, and your maxims of  
 'Policy gave way to those of  
 'your Love. You imagin'd to  
 'your self, that a young Gen-  
 'tleman, who had ruin'd him-  
 'self by the extravagant disco-  
 'veries of his inclinations to  
 'you, was fitter for your turn  
 'then I might have been; that  
 'marrying a Prince of *Salerna*,  
 'you would come under the  
 'tuition of a Master authorized  
 'by Custom and the Laws, and  
 'that your dear *Hippolito* would  
 'have been as much your hum-  
 'ble Servant and Slave after  
 'marriage as he seem'd to be  
 'before. Ah unfortunate and  
 'imprudent Princess! durst your  
 'besotted *Hippolito* make such  
 'open



open professions of love to a  
Lady of your fortunes, had  
he not given him some extra-  
ordinary encouragement to  
do it? and is it possible, that,  
upon a weak presumption of  
meeting with some return to  
his Love, he would have been  
at those vast expences which  
have ruin'd him, and guilty of  
so remarkable an extrava-  
gance, as, by one single present,  
to enrich the person whom  
you sent to acquaint him with  
the good success of your  
cause? And after all these un-  
deniable discoveries of your  
infidelity and indiscretion, can  
you be so vain as to imagine  
I should still bear you the af-  
fection I sometime did? Fare-  
well, and, if you can, be fortu-  
nate with your *Hippolito*, and  
be not so fond as to imagine,  
I

46 *The Unexpected Choice.*

'I shall ever be unfortunate with

'*Matilda.*

With these words, he would  
have left her; but the Princess  
stop'd him again; nay, what  
she had never done before, pre-  
sum'd to contradict him. 'Un-  
'grateful Prince, said she to  
'him, it is impossible for me to  
'give a greater assurance that I  
'still love thee, then by telling  
'thee, that, after this most un-  
'manly and disobliging dis-  
'course, I have not yet an aver-  
'sion for thee. What thou hast  
'said is more against thy self  
'then against me, and I can  
'make no better use of it to thy  
'confusion and my advantage,  
'then by acknowledging to  
'thee, that all is true. 'Tis  
'true *Hippolito* hath express'd a  
'great affection for me, *Hippo-*  
'*lito* hath not been frightened  
'from

from rendering me all the services he could, and, to do that, defy'd the malice of a Favourite and the displeasure of a King; He honours me with all imaginable respect, and he does what he can to please me. He was desirous to protect me, when I was forsaken by all; and it is not to be deny'd, that he has ruin'd himself upon my account. Do thou instance in any one thing thou hast done that may come into the Balance with any of these: Thou wilt tell me that thou lov'st me. But canst thou have any affection for me, who art wanting even in point of civility towards me; civility, I say, which I conceive due to my Sex, though thou ought'st not any to my quality? And yet what ill-natur'd, or ill-humour'd